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NOTICE.—A Twenty-page Literary Supplement appears with the SATURDAY REVIEW this week gratis.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

If the "Times" news prove true, the new Prime Minister will have bettered Mr. Balfour's remarkable record in shedding colleagues—he has shed them in anticipation. He begins by dropping the most brilliant figure in the Liberal party, Lord Rosebery, and goes on by dropping—so the "Times" tells us—Sir Edward Grey, the second-best. It has always seemed to us that it would be very hard for the two groups effectually to fuse when the time came. We don't desire our misgiving to prove a prophecy; and hope the Prime Minister will at any rate keep hold of Mr. Asquith. None of the Liberal leaders was more sincerely pleased than Sir Edward Grey when Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman came out as a capital, adroit leader of the House of Commons; and since then the two have worked together with good will and comfort—with entire friendliness even during the South African war. What an irony, then, if they were severed at this of all moments! The "Times" states positively that the difficulty exists through the fact that Sir Henry has decided not to go to the Upper House. Sir Edward Grey on Friday wired, in reply to the Central News query, that the news published in the "Times" is wholly unauthorised by himself and incorrect.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman is not nearly so handsome to his friends the Liberal newspapers as Mr. Balfour is to chosen pressmen on the other side. He let them hug the delusion that he would not take office if Mr. Balfour resigned at the present time. They all thought and proclaimed this to be the way to defeat a shifty Unionist move—and the next thing was the announcement that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman

had been sent for by the King and would accept office. Mr. Balfour resigned on Monday and on Tuesday Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman was received by the King, and, as the writers love to quote, kissed hands. One day every Liberal and almost every Tory is saying that it would be very bad policy for Sir Henry and his friends to be trapped by Mr. Balfour into office before the Dis-solution. The next they have forgotten all about this, and there is a general feeling that the Liberals have behaved in quite the orthodox, proper way. So much for the value of political thought and judgment in a party crisis.

A great hubbub was caused in 1846 by the announcement in the "Times" that Sir Robert Peel had decided to repeal the Corn Law, before any statement had been made to the Cabinet. The beautiful and impecunious Mrs. Norton was commonly accused of having wormed the secret out of some statesman "in his hours of ease" and sold it to the "Times". Long afterwards it was discovered that Lord Aberdeen was the traitor who told the editor. Lord Granville tells us in his Life that he got into hot water both with the Cabinet and the Court, because certain news leaked out in the "Times" and he hints that the indiscretion of "the Lodger", as he called Charles Greville who lived in the same house, was to blame. In 1886 we remember that Mr. Childers was severely censured for prematurely communicating to the "Scotsman" some of the provisions of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill.

But nowadays Mr. Balfour has changed all that, for he deliberately chooses as the depositaries of his secret intentions, not any of his colleagues, but the "Times" and the "Daily Telegraph". A few days before the simultaneous appearance of leading articles in these journals urging the Prime Minister to resign a meeting of the Cabinet was held. Immediately after the Cabinet Council Mr. Austen Chamberlain declared in addressing his constituents, that "there was no crisis, that he knew of, and that he was as likely to know &c. &c." (cheers and laughter). Sir Alexander Acland-Hood made a funny speech in Somersetshire at the same time, in which, with much elaboration of jocularity about tongues and pulses &c., he assured his audience that he was the party physician, and that nothing whatever was the matter and that nothing

could be the matter without his being "called in". All this while, however, Mr. Balfour was dropping into the eager ears of Mr. Iwan Müller and Mr. Moberly Bell his private intention to resign. No wonder Mr. Balfour is zealously served by the "Times" and the "Telegraph"; he pays handsomely.

Lord Randolph Churchill paid even better than Mr. Balfour, but he did not fare so well. Everybody has heard how, forgetting all about Mr. Goschen, he took a cab to Printing House Square, and told the editor even before he told the Queen, much less his colleagues, that he was resigning his office as Chancellor of the Exchequer; and how next day the "Times" announced the resignation—the only paper in England that knew of it—and rebuked Lord Randolph for his act. Mr. Balfour is wiser than Lord Randolph; he does not pay in advance.

Whether in fact the Liberals have made a bad move for themselves in accepting office is not really very clear. The preliminary analyses, it is true, seemed to show that it would be weak play to take office now; but, as in chess so in party politics, you may sacrifice something to establish yourself in a commanding position on the board—and is it not commanding to get hold of all the offices? Many of the pawns in the Liberal party no doubt already feel themselves queening. On the whole, in spite of the Liberal press which without light and leading foundered in the dark, and indeed the general view that Sir Henry must not go into Mr. Balfour's snare, the rank and file of the Liberal party are happier to-day than they were a fortnight ago before resignation was bruited. The considerable following of the half-famished who do the sutling for the party of course like it: the doling out of jobs and perquisites of various kinds may begin at once.

We have never much admired the wholesale indiscriminating abuse of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman by many of his party opponents. He was called the incubus for some time when Lord Rosebery was yet in the running for the Liberal leadership, and his occasional indiscretions, such as "methods of barbarism"—no worse than Lord Salisbury's "black man"—were done to death by unindulgent patriots. The common-form abuse of him recalls somewhat the common-form abuse of W. H. Smith by truculent Liberals years ago. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman is a pleasing and decorous figure. He may have no more genius than W. H. Smith had, and little more imagination. But he has a good temper, which Sir Francis Baring said was more useful than genius in a Cabinet Minister. We believe that there will now be, for a time at any rate, a feeling of kindness towards the Prime Minister which is new among many of his opponents. Certainly no decent person would have the least desire to see him in difficulties now, when he has just reached a splendid office by patience and persistent endeavour.

What! has the pendulum so soon begun to swing against the party in power? Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman only accepted office on Tuesday, but by Thursday he had lost a seat. The New Forest Division of Hampshire has returned Mr. Compton the Conservative by a small majority; reduced, still a majority. A seat or two does not make a world of difference just now, and we could half wish that the New Forest electors had shown the grace to welcome the new Prime Minister by returning his supporter, Sir Henry Hobart. It would have been a pretty form of congratulation. However we can congratulate Sir Henry Hobart—a really earnest Liberal and very anxious to sit for a Hampshire constituency—on his good fortune; it is not every man to whom is given, as Sir Henry will be, the chance to have a second shot within a month or so.

A day or two before Mr. Balfour's resignation one of Sir Henry Hobart's chief supporters, who we think is not fond of Home Rule, wrote to us saying "It looks as if Hobart would have to fight two elections, instead of one, in quick succession. [Our correspondent thought that the seat would go to the Liberals

and that Mr. Compton would try to wrench it back at the General Election next year]. . . . I am going down there next week to cast my vote for Free Food." He ought to be thoroughly satisfied with the result. He was able to go and give a whole-hearted vote against Protection. It is very agreeable to feel that you have voted in this important matter exactly as you feel; whilst as for his vote for Home Rule, a policy he does not fancy, it has done no harm at all, because the Unionist has held the seat.

Are members of the retiring Government really puzzled as to their exact status, or are they indulging in a rather obvious stroke of platform humour when they profess they do not know whether they are still members of a government or not? Lord Percy, Mr. Bonar Law and Sir Edward Carson have all described themselves as not being ministers or as being "in a state of suspended animation" or some such phrase. But it is rather odd that there should have been what looks like an actual mistake even in the Courts the other day. Mr. Danckwerts, a well-known counsel of pronounced traits, informed Sir Robert Finlay that as he was not now Attorney-General he had no longer any control over members of the Bar. Sir Robert disclaimed the intention of trying to control Mr. Danckwerts in any case, but he did not explain whether he still regarded himself as Attorney-General or not. Mr. Danckwerts seems to have given up his point later by speaking of Sir Robert as the Attorney-General.

Several changes on the Judicial Bench have taken place. Mr. Justice Wills' resignation has nothing to do with politics, though Mr. Henry Sutton's appointment is so far political that the Attorney-General's "devil" naturally goes out with his principal. Lord Lindley retires from the House of Lords, and the Irish Attorney-General, Mr. Atkinson, succeeds him; thus setting at rest a controversy which has been going on for some time as to what Irishman had the best title to the vacancy. There have been persistent rumours that Lord Macnaghten was contemplating retirement that Sir Robert Finlay might be found a high judicial office before the patronage slipped from the Conservative Government. Yet up to the present nothing has been heard either of the prospects of Sir Robert or Sir Edward Carson. Have they calculated on the brevity of life of the new Government, and are they holding themselves in reserve for something higher in a not remote future? Lord Halsbury, with all his vitality, can hardly be looking forward to a new term. In the meantime, it is generally assumed that Sir Robert Reid is to take his place as Lord Chancellor, though as yet this has not been announced. Unfortunately it must be added that the Court of Appeal is now deprived of the services of Lord Justice Mathew, who on Wednesday was seized with an attack of paralysis.

Lord Curzon arrived in London last Monday. At Charing Cross—how short a time, one cannot help thinking, before the disaster of last Tuesday—he was met, it cannot be said by a crowd, but by a certain number of distinguished Anglo-Indians and a few Liberal politicians. Not a Cabinet Minister was there, not a single prominent Conservative politician. Lord Curzon had given just cause of resentment perhaps—we think he most certainly had—but to allow him to come home thus unwelcomed was, if not the pettiest vindictiveness, certainly the worst of manners. Mr. Brodrick at any rate was bound in common decency to be there; strained personal relations could but point his public duty.

Prince Bülow's speech on foreign affairs in the Reichstag on Wednesday was marked by a reserve which always starts the suspicions of the Teutophobe in Great Britain, who is anxious to take Herr Bebel's view rather than the Government's. Prince Bülow said with perfect truth that it is not always wise in talking of foreign affairs to make a complete statement, and his reserve was apparently due to a desire not to aggravate what he described as the "profound dislike" towards Germany "which characterises public



opinion in England". Nothing in his remarks suggested that there have been any serious differences between the two Governments. The ill-will has been a people's affair, and for that the press of both countries must share responsibility as anyone who is in a position to know will admit. Prince Bülow "sincerely welcomes" the "more favourable symptoms" observable during the past week. The Anglo-German Conciliation Committee has started a campaign which should do good, and has the German Ambassador's cordial support. "We have no quarrel", he says. "Why should we continue to imagine that we have a quarrel?" A little common sense is all that is needed on either side.

On the general question of foreign policy Prince Bülow was reassuring or his speech was meaningless. It was an emphatic disclaimer of the smallest desire to cause bad blood between Germany and any other country. All Germany seeks to do, he says, is to safeguard her own interests and see that she is not ignored in the settlement of questions which affect herself as well as others. The difficulty of course is to be quite sure that Germany will not consider as hers something that other nations regard entirely as theirs. Germany was entitled to be consulted in Morocco, and saw no reason why because Great Britain had renounced certain rights to France, she should follow suit.

The Sultan seems now to be only playing to save his face. The Powers will be well advised to accept any proposals that can be formulated with this purpose in view so long as the substance of their demands is granted. What is necessary is to secure real financial reform, not immediately and openly to oust the Sultan's authority from Macedonia. The presence of an Ottoman delegate upon the financial commission would remove the impression that any injustice was intended towards Mohammedans. Anything that prevents the outbreak of racial war on a large scale will be accepted so long as the vital substance of the Powers' demands is not destroyed. The talk about "laws and regulations of the Empire" is absurd. Plenty of laws have been issued in Turkey but none is obeyed. The law is "that of the locality and their own conscience", to use the phrase of the late Lord Esher. The decrees of the Koran are the only "laws" having any validity.

The postal and telegraph and telephone strikes which have been continued in Russia during the week, and have stopped communications between Russian provinces and towns as well as with the outer world, are ascribed to the refusal of the Government to permit unions amongst their employés. Count Witte is blamed for this even by those who are inclined to support him. The defence is that the demands of the employés include political and not merely economic objects. It is said that Count Witte now sees that a mistake has been made and that his Ministry may have to resign. But inferences of this kind are easily made and have no definite value. Meanwhile the general strike which was threatened last week has not occurred, nor has the railway strike. A successful movement of this kind would be a sign of the extremists once more coming to the front.

So far from there being indications of this during the week, it has been stated that the "reactionaries", owing to the successful suppression of the various mutinies, saw their way to the proclamation of a military dictatorship. Later the newspaper correspondent finds that after all the army is so discontented that this is not a possible project. The good man is guided as often by his emotions as by knowledge. Without giving much heed to details it seems, generally speaking, that the really serious political business at present consists of the attempts of Count Witte's ministry and the Zemstvoists to come to some agreement. Count Witte is not prepared to accept a programme which contemplates much not included in the October manifesto. If a compromise were probable, matters would be much more hopeful.

General Sakharoff, the successor of General Kuropatkin as War Minister, was shot by a woman on Tuesday in the Government of Saratoff, where he was inquiring into the agrarian disturbances that have taken

place in South-east Russia. Charges of cruelty have been made against him and the murder is said to have been done from a motive of vengeance. As to the political significance of these agrarian disturbances which General Sakharoff was engaged in suppressing, however revolutionary the aims of the peasants may be from the economic and social point of view, they are not directed, and Count Tolstoy's recent statement supports this, against the Monarchy.

President Roosevelt's Message to Congress was published on Wednesday. To most people, who cannot be expected to read it in its entirety to discover the really important points of policy, the most remarkable feature in the message will be the reiterated use of the word "sovereign". The European necessarily connects that word with a throne and a crown and will rashly speculate on the title which Mr. Roosevelt intends to assume when he settles down to found a dynasty. The word conveys the impression that some day we may see documents headed "To our trusty and well-beloved Elihu Root greeting We, Theodore" &c. It is clear that the appearance of this ominous word has already excited apprehensions in the orthodox Republican mind but in its connexion with the people its associations are even more ominous. What becomes then of States rights? But in sober truth Mr. Roosevelt is perfectly correct. The central and national Government is rapidly effacing all other authority in the States and is really sovereign.

The Bill for the separation of Church and State in France has passed through the Senate and will shortly become law. It is a radically unjust and unequal measure, but even so it is better for the Church in France to be cut off from the state altogether and with great loss than to be in bondage to such maladministration as that of M. Combes. When the Government of a country has ceased to be Christian, still more so when it has become anti-Christian, which in plain language is the case in France, the position of an established Christian Church becomes impossible. That however is not to say that French Churchmen, clerical or lay, are under any duty to take lying down the injustices sought to be perpetrated by this Bill. We are glad to see that the Gallican bishops are at last showing some signs of spirit and determination to fight. We are glad too that the Pope is not following the mistaken French policy of his predecessor.

Lord Roberts, with the want of resolution which has marred the effectiveness of his whole career, spoilt an otherwise effective appeal at Newcastle by hedging. His theme was the inadequacy of the British army to the demands of the Empire, and the folly of people imagining that untrained men can cope with professional soldiers in a great war. In other words this means that it is absurd to trust to volunteers to make up for the deficiency of the regular army. From this the natural, in fact necessary, inference is that we must accept conscription. But Lord Roberts will not face that, the only real alternative, but prefers to take his stand as a tinker of volunteers. By putting the nation off the real issue Lord Roberts is only doing harm when he might do infinite good. What an accomplished seducer is popularity!

Mr. Justice Kekewich has decided an interesting case of copyright law in the action of Macmillan v. Dent. Messrs. Macmillan sought to prevent Mr. Dent from publishing certain unpublished letters written to Charles Lamb, the property of Mr. and Mrs. Steeds. Messrs. Macmillan contended that this ownership also enabled Mr. and Mrs. Steeds to assign the copyright to them. Mr. Dent's argument was that Charles Lamb's personal representatives were the owners of the copyright, and he had got an assignment from them. Mr. Justice Kekewich's decision is that in the case of a posthumous work such as these letters the owner of the manuscript has the copyright. Yet during his life the receiver of a letter does not become under the Common law the owner of the copyright although he is the owner of the manuscript. The Copyright Act, however, provides that the copyright of every book published after the death of the

author shall be the property of the proprietor of the author's manuscript. This the Judge held applied to the ownership of the paper on which the letters were written; the Steeds could accordingly transfer the copy-right. Mr. Dent was thus restrained from publication.

When the glass roof was fixed at Charing Cross Station, it was thought impossible there could ever be a collapse, so strong and enduring were supports and the whole framework. The engineer in charge of the work pointed out, we have heard, that the iron stays on which each of the huge bays rested were five inches thick—there never could be a built thing more secure. "Ever" in this case has consisted of less than forty years. On Tuesday two of the bays fell in, and with them a girder weighing hundreds of tons. These bays were at the far end of the station roof. Had they been at the north end the loss of life must have been frightful. As it was seven workmen at least were killed and twenty-seven injured. The Avenue Theatre was practically destroyed, and during the last four days a large body of men have been removing the nightmare pile of wreckage within the station. When the accident took place some of the people, who just escaped the falling mass, rushed out of the station and did not stop till they were a street or two away from the place. No man really knows for sure what he would do in a case like this. Nerves of steel are often talked and written about, but the supreme test of them is made so rarely—the test not of war or disease, but when suddenly life turns to a fury "slinging flame" or "scattering dust".

Of course there must be an uncompromising inquiry into this disaster. To attribute blame to the railway company, or any official connected with the company, at this stage would be very wrong. So far nobody is to blame. What the public is anxious for just now is not so much the hanging of some unknown negligent person if such there be, but rather its own safety. There are other railway stations with huge glass and iron roofs in London. What is the nature of the inspection of these roofs, and how often does it take place? One can conceive of cases where in buildings of this kind, owing say to a great storm, life may be wrecked "without the pilots' guilt, without the captain's knowledge". But they should be barely imaginable. What by the way is to be done with the Avenue Theatre? Its position, adjoining a great railway terminus, is not happy. Might it not be removed with advantage?

Sir Clinton Dawkins' death at the age of forty-six has deprived the public service of an able man, whose record at Oxford gave no promise of exceptional attainments. He was one of Lord Goschen's discoveries. His opportunity came when he was made private secretary to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. He had a genius for finance, and did such good work both in connexion with the Peruvian Corporation and the financial under-secretaryship in Egypt, that the great American house of Morgan offered him a lavish partnership on his reputation and not on personal knowledge. Fifteen years ago he was eager to supplement his official salary by journalism; his advancement was the work of a single decade.

Is it not about time the wrangle between Mr. Bernard Shaw and Mr. Stephen Coleridge over Sir Henry Irving's knighthood were dropped? Certainly it is hard on Mr. Shaw that Mr. Coleridge should be unable to perceive that he is "knocked out"; but the whole of the contentious article is now before the public: why need Mr. Shaw trouble further? Mr. Coleridge should remember that playing at bowls with Mr. Shaw in the papers is a very different thing from playing croquet with ladies on a lawn. He must expect rubbers; and he cannot throw down his mallet in a pet—in public.

The following colloquy in a West-end area between the dustman and his mate was overheard. "Wot's the use of makin' this 'ere Campbell-Bannerman Prime Minister? Why he's sixty-nine the ole fool! I know I had more brains twenty years ago than I 'ave now, and I expect 'e's the same." Disraeli put the same idea a little differently when he said, "The youth of a nation are the trustees of posterity".

#### MR. BALFOUR'S RECORD.

IT may not seem a very happy occasion for the remark, but we do not hesitate to say that Mr. Balfour is at this moment a larger figure in the eyes of the country than at any previous time in his career. He was great in the House long ago, and at any time has been a hero of select coteries. As a party man he has of course been conspicuous for years: the leader of a party, be he never so small, is always a big man to the party zealot. But Mr. Balfour is now big for himself. The minds of thoughtful men, irrespective of parties or even of politics, have turned to Mr. Balfour during the last year as they did not when he was Irish Secretary and the darling of Unionist enthusiasm, or when he was leading the House in later days with the easy indifference of a brilliant favourite. Since he became Prime Minister Mr. Balfour has had to fill a more serious part, and the world has come to take him more seriously in proportion. The very bitterness and persistency of the attacks made upon him are testimony enough to the increased significance of Mr. Balfour's personality. No doubt his present peculiar eminence in the Parliamentary world, following on the disappearance of many distinguished contemporaries, partly accounts for the attention of the best minds in the country being concentrated upon him. But the eminence arising from the disappearance of his equals, if it explains Mr. Balfour's attracting this peculiar attention, cannot explain his holding it. If his eminence were merely the creation of circumstances, it would soon be exposed and cast aside with ridicule. But none who need be taken seriously is inclined to disregard Mr. Balfour, or to treat him as a man that had his chance and failed, a broken stick to be thrown away. Not at all. Mr. Balfour is denounced, condemned, lamented over; no one can leave him alone, and he excites so much feeling precisely because he is so much cared for; and the significant thing about it all is that it is not the party men who are the most moved.

We cannot pretend that the man who looks at Mr. Balfour as a distinguished fellow-countryman is without excuse for certain of his misgivings. It does look like a very lame conclusion to a long tenure of power to give up at the last moment under no compulsion and with no justification even in party tactics. If now, surely much earlier, says the world; and if not till now, why give up at all? There may be a convincing answer to these objections; if there is, we shall not affect to know it. The resignation strikes us as a mistake, and the excuse for it does not make it anything else. The unpleasantness of going on with a divided cabinet may be almost intolerable personally; that is understandable enough; but surely the stings of what we admit to be most outrageous fortune, borne with fortitude so long, could have been borne a little longer. It is indeed not easy to understand why a man who has shown the endurance Mr. Balfour has could not endure to the end. It was necessary, we doubt not, that the party air, as a political agent would say, should be cleared; but we could have trusted the election to do a good deal in that way. We are not sure it is the height of sagacity to make a thunderstorm to clear the air. Nor do we imagine that tactical considerations were much in Mr. Balfour's mind when he decided to resign. The personal equation is a much more serious matter, except perhaps to the local wire-puller.

Even Mr. Balfour's enemies will admit, and probably admit with pleasure as it implies a charge against Mr. Balfour's friends, that his fortune certainly has been outrageous. All was going merry as a marriage bell for him, when came the great disturbance. The fiscal movement in itself could not have put Mr. Balfour in any insuperable difficulties, had not his friend, the Duke of Devonshire, played him false at the last moment. The Duke of Devonshire was, after Mr. Chamberlain, if indeed after him, the most influential of Mr. Balfour's colleagues. It was natural that Mr. Balfour, who had only recently entered on the premiership, should hesitate to take a course which would cause the Duke of Devonshire to secede, as the acceptance of the whole of what we now call Mr. Chamberlain's policy would have done. A middle course was adopted which the Duke approved. This course was



publicly announced and adopted by Mr. Balfour at Sheffield. The moment it had been made public the Duke repudiated it and deserted his old friend and colleague. From that moment Mr. Balfour had to sustain an exceedingly difficult position; every compromise may be described as equivocal, crooked, devious, and all the other adjectives with which the last two years and a half have made us so familiar. We wish, indeed, Mr. Balfour had seen his way to accept the whole tariff reform policy, including colonial preferential tariffs, from the beginning; but once he had decided on the middle course he has been but logically consistent in the whole of the subsequent proceedings in Parliament and in the country. Those who denounce him should denounce him either for not going the whole length with Mr. Chamberlain at the beginning or for not refusing to touch the tariff question at all. If he has been wrong, he was wrong then; he is not open to any charge, except that of extraordinary brilliancy of defence, no doubt a most irritating quality to an opponent, in respect of what has followed in the fiscal controversy. As for indecision at first, let those who, realising the whole situation at the moment, feel that they would have acted with greater promptitude and resolution, take up stones to throw at Mr. Balfour. Perhaps Lord Rosebery will feel himself justified in taking up the first stone. But the Duke of Devonshire has not been the only one of Mr. Balfour's friends to "cart" him. Mr. Wyndham, needlessly and, we are sure, unintentionally exposed Mr. Balfour to a charge of truckling with Home Rule: and in the issue Mr. Balfour lost a brilliant colleague and a good deal of confidence. And then there was Mr. Chamberlain's Bristol speech the other day: which in the circumstances of the moment was certainly inconvenient. We do not know of any Prime Minister who has had greater difficulties to contend with; difficulties in front are less serious than difficulties behind. And Mr. Balfour has had to fight his battle almost single-handed. And yet he has been able to do big things. The Education Act is not a final settlement, it is not so good an Act as it might easily have been: but no sane man, none but passive resisters and their like, will deny that it was a great legislative work; and the Council of Imperial Defence is a great administrative work. It was not Mr. Balfour's idea, of course—the Duke of Cambridge first foreshadowed it—but Mr. Balfour made it effective. In foreign policy Lord Lansdowne's success, which every one is now applauding, could not have been achieved but for the active sympathy of a Prime Minister, able on his own account to grasp the merits of a foreign situation and endowed with the right temper to meet it. Temper is of all qualities the most important in dealing with foreign questions. When one looks back on the nation's safe passage through the perilously delicate time of the North Sea incident, and on the popular attitude of hostility to Russia and to Germany, it is difficult to quarrel with Mr. Balfour's temper in handling our foreign relations.

Responsibility and hard work seldom enhance a man's personal charm. The Arthurian romance may have faded a good deal: the "child in all these things" has grown up, and lost his delightful artlessness. We hear less of the graceful loungeer casually plunging into debate, picking up his facts as he goes; he is seen to work now as well as to play bridge and talk golf; there are fewer stories of his being found alone asleep in a club-room while the great debate was going on at the House. Yet all this was just the charm of the "Soul" and the "Idol of the House". But the god is well lost if we have gained a bigger man. A man indeed is not worshipped, but about an idol of the people or of the House or the smart set there is always a good deal of the little tin god. What he may lose with the coteries Mr. Balfour has gained with the nation. It is not easy for the country rightly to appreciate Mr. Balfour; for he is not a typical Briton enormously magnified. His intellectuality and detachment of mind, his nicety of expression, his easy grace are not qualities to attract the average Englishman. But they are eminently the qualities demanded by high politics. Mr. Balfour's presence at the head of affairs at all has been a sort of living protest against the rule of the average

man. It accordingly appealed to us. We may be behind the times, but we confess to a lingering belief that it is well for the country that its chief magistrate should be a gentleman.

#### THE OFFICE OF PRIME MINISTER.

THE last official act of the Conservative Government has been to ordain a constitutional innovation. We do not suppose that Mr. Akers Douglas knows much about the evolution of Cabinet Government, or that Mr. Balfour cares much. Yet over the signature of the late Home Secretary the King has issued a warrant, acting of course upon the advice of Mr. Balfour, giving the Prime Minister "place and precedence next after the Archbishop of York". As precedence in this country is only given to hereditary rank and office, the above warrant has the effect of making an office of what was heretofore a customary designation of the First Minister of the Crown, or head of the Cabinet, who may and has held various offices. During the last two centuries the First Minister has most frequently been at the head of the Treasury, under the titles of First Commissioner of the Treasury, Lord Treasurer, and First Lord of the Treasury. The younger Pitt and Gladstone held simultaneously the two offices of First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer. But Lord Salisbury departed from this custom and held in his three Administrations the office of Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. Lord Salisbury could not of course have held the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer: but Lord Liverpool, Lord Grey, and Lord Melbourne all held the office of First Lord of the Treasury in the Governments of which they were the chiefs. Lord Salisbury, however, chose to be Foreign Secretary, as did Lord Rosebery in the Administration which he formed in 1894. But there is no such office as Prime Minister, and until the day before yesterday the precedence given to the head of the Government depended on what office he had taken to himself, on whether he were First Lord of the Treasury, or Chancellor of the Exchequer, or a Secretary of State, or haply Lord Privy Seal. The places assigned to Lords of the Treasury, Secretaries of State, and Chancellors of the Exchequer, it is perhaps not superfluous to explain, are pretty low down in the list, after ambassadors, and peers, and a good many sons of peers, after the Lord Privy Seal, and the Lord President of the Council. It often happened therefore that the Prime Minister followed some President of the Council or Lord Privy Seal, whom he had himself created, or walked behind the younger son of a duke. The new warrant ordains that the Prime Minister shall come after princes of the blood, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor, and the Archbishop of York, but before the whole peerage. This is surely the most democratic stroke of our times, for it is an official recognition of the fact that brains come before birth.

It is historically interesting to see how slowly the ruler of the British empire won his way from a Court official to the position of First or Prime Minister. In the reign of Queen Anne Godolphin and Harley were called Lord Treasurer, and bore a white wand as symbol of office. It was during the succeeding reign, when the King could neither speak nor understand English, that Sir Robert Walpole gathered to him the powers and functions which we now ascribe, so willingly, to the Prime Minister. When he fell, the charge which was most bitterly pressed against Walpole, and which he was obliged most earnestly to repudiate, was that of trying to be "sole or prime minister", an office which was declared to be unknown and contrary to the Constitution. Mr. John Morley tells us, in his monograph on Walpole, that the term "Premier" was first used without challenge of the Duke of Newcastle in 1746. George III. made a desperate attempt to be his own Prime Minister by playing off one set of Whig noblemen against another, and by spending all his time and most of his Civil List in managing the House of Commons. Accordingly we hear very little about a Premier or Prime Minister between 1760 and 1770. It

is remarkable that Burke and Junius do not use the term, but refer to "the Minister", or to the head of the Administration by name. Lord North was generally referred to in debate as "the noble lord in the blue riband". But by the time the younger Pitt began his long rule the term must have begun to be in use, for in the interview between that statesman and Fox in 1783, described by Macaulay, the latter asks "Is Lord Shelburne to remain Prime Minister?" Pitt indeed in a State paper addressed to Addington at the beginning of the last century defines his conception of the powers and duties of the head of the Cabinet, the First or Prime Minister. Creevey uses both the terms, Premier and Prime Minister, once or twice in his letters; but Canning seems to have been the first statesman who was regularly referred to by that appellation. After the Reform Act of 1832 the expression came into constant use in the press and in conversation, but never in Parliament itself. According to the custom of the House of Commons a minister must be referred to by the office which he holds. Of late years however a disorderly practice has sprung up of alluding to Mr. Balfour not as the First Lord of the Treasury, but as the Prime Minister. Presumably, this practice will be regularised by the new warrant, which makes the "Prime Minister" an office. Or does it not do so? The Prime Minister, as such, has neither salary nor duties. Can there be such a thing, at law, as an office, we will not say without salary (as there are such things as unpaid offices, Charity Commissionerships, for instance), but without duties? or is it intended to assign duties and a salary to the Prime Minister as such? To be sure, the Prime Minister has the trifling duty of looking after the Cabinet, and supervising generally the British Empire, and many people think that is duty enough for a man, without the added drudgery of a department. On the other hand, it is a duty for whose discharge the Prime Minister cannot be made responsible to Parliament, except by a general vote of censure. It may be desirable to free the Prime Minister from the harassing care of a department: but it is conceivable that times might arise when this exemption from specific duties would be used as a screen for fugacious responsibility. It is certain that the Prime Minister must have a salary. So that unless and until Parliament makes some special provision for him, he must, despite his precedence, continue to combine with his titular position some one or other of the many offices at his disposal.

#### L'ÉTAT C'EST ROOSEVELT.

MR. ROOSEVELT is not a master mind but he is a masterful man. This quality, with great practical capacity, and a thorough knowledge of the average American, has made him what he is. Eloquent he is not in the sense the Kaiser is, who otherwise more nearly resembles him than any other living ruler, but he can give the American reader what he most dearly loves, a verbose disquisition on current affairs with some common sense behind it. The President's exordia are always a trial to the European reader, but not so to the Transatlantic who revels in dull and sesquipedalian platitudes which would set a French politician to work organising a combination against so dull a publicist.

The vital parts of the message only confirm our conviction that the United States are travelling ever more rapidly from the old constitutional standpoints. This indeed is almost inevitable from the nature of the career upon which they have embarked in building up a colonial empire, and it is the danger to which all hard-and-fast Constitutions are necessarily exposed. In President Roosevelt the country has exactly the man to fit the occasion, and he does not hesitate to disclose the facts to the American people. Not, it is true, in so many words, but his whole policy as set forth in his messages and in his lectures tends to substitute what the French call a plebiscitary Republic for the old association of communities practically independent. This would be the first stage in a longer process.

We are so ill-supplied with information in this country upon important events in America that the significance of Mr. Roosevelt's recent campaign in the Southern States has been almost lost upon us. In Virginia, North Carolina, Florida and Georgia he has met with an apparently enthusiastic welcome. The tour might be compared in its results with an expedition of Mr. Balfour through South Wales resulting in winning seats for Conservative Churchmen. It is not at all improbable that the result may be that Mr. Roosevelt will find himself baulked by the Senators of these States as he is now by their representatives in the House. If he be indeed secure of this support and that of his own personal following in the Senate, he may not be so rash as we should naturally assume in undertaking his crusade against the great Corporations.

It must be remembered that for Mr. Roosevelt to attack Trusts is apparently the most hopeless of enterprises. It is sawing off the branch of the tree on which he is perched next to the trunk. His return was brought about, to what an extent nobody quite knows, but in no small measure certainly, by the funds and ubiquitous influence of the Trusts. Now he proceeds to destroy one of the chief sources of their power, their capacity to control the railway traffic of the country and to regulate rates so as to kill competition and crush out the smaller traders. We entirely sympathise with his aims but we doubt his success. If he succeeds, he does so only with the support of his political opponents and the Republican party will receive a severe defeat at the hands of its own chief. This will not endear him to the wirepullers and will mean war to the knife with the party Bosses. His position as a conqueror will be more embarrassing than that of Sir Robert Peel after he had carried the Repeal of the Corn Laws by Whig votes and the devotion of a personal following. Of course if he is contented to abandon all hope of a return to the White House his course would be clearer, but in spite of protestations we anticipate that a strong party demand would make him candidate once again, for he would not be infringing the unwritten technical rule against three terms, having only been elected once. But would he receive such a nomination in the Republican Convention after overthrowing the Trusts? If we turn to the proposed measure itself, we doubt if it can be within the bounds of the Constitution, and this is not the only objection. Would not rate-making by a committee of politicians be as injurious to public policy to leave it in the hands of the railways themselves? Even if Mr. Roosevelt's proposals safely run the gauntlet of the legislatures, how will they be received by the Supreme Court? It is true that the tendency of that tribunal has been very strongly in the direction of magnifying the nation at the expense of the States, but the step proposed is to carry the power of Congress as against the State legislatures to a pitch never yet dreamed of. The balance of opinion seems to be against the capacity of Congress to regulate commercial rates. After all the national Government only possesses just so much power as was delegated to it by the original common agreement of all the States, and it is very doubtful if any such power as this can be argued from the words of the Constitution. Again, even if the Supreme Court were to hold such a power legal, it might well decide that it was against public policy. In the case of such an adverse decision the President would have to appeal to the nation for a two-thirds majority either of States or votes to obtain an amendment to the Constitution itself. What such a struggle would mean against all the powers enjoyed by the Trusts of corrupt persuasion, hitherto employed on Mr. Roosevelt's behalf, it is not difficult to imagine. We wish him success but we do not expect it.

When we turn to foreign affairs we find ourselves on well-worn ground. The talk of "a great and upright people" and "peace and righteousness" is common form in Presidential Messages and especially in Mr. Roosevelt's, but a keener sense of humour would have induced him to omit all reference to those high virtues in a document which also alluded to Panama. That a Government which deliberately engineered to its own profit a revolution in a "sister republic" should describe itself as "great and



upright" shows a lack of proportion, to say the least. Such action might be justified by national necessity or any other pretext which is advanced to justify aggression for the benefit of the aggressor. We do not know that Great Britain is always blameless, but this style of appealing to Heaven and laying the hand on the heart before a sceptical universe is eminently characteristic of Mr. Roosevelt; who is quite shrewd enough to know the value of its real connexion with righteousness and truth. As for his references to the Monroe Doctrine, they are mostly repetitions of earlier utterances with perhaps a tendency to explain away some of the more offensive passages which they contained. After all if you wish to rank as a world Power, you must not too truculently insult the Powers of the world, but so far as South America is concerned the President clearly intends to maintain his position of patron and policeman. The dislike of this offensive assumption steadily grows in South America, and it is naturally asked where is the warrant for the President of the United States to assume over the Western Hemisphere the authority of Rhadamanthus in the shades who "castigatque auditque dolos"? Mr. Roosevelt's tone leads us to think that he believes himself to possess such a prerogative by right divine; or is it only a not unnatural confusion with the right of the stronger?

#### ADMIRALTY POLICY.

REPORTS from the retiring Directors have followed one another in quick succession, and the Admiralty never behindhand has issued a Statement of Policy marked by a vigour of expression which should remove any lingering misgiving lest through some oversight the nation might be allowed to forget the merits of the Board. The series of reforms carried out under Unionist Administration has made it possible for Lord Cawdor to present the country with a unique record of naval progress, and those responsible are entitled to receive the thanks which are certainly their due; at the same time the taxpayer ought not to forget that circumstances over which the Board of Admiralty could have exercised no control have contributed in some degree towards the making of such a satisfactory financial statement. Unless he bear this in mind, he will be liable later on to suffer considerable disappointment. Before the war broke out in the East, there was much excuse for doubt and hesitation, a definite stage of naval development had been reached and yet, without war experience to guide, it was almost dangerous to give a positive answer on many of the vexed questions which had to be grappled with.

Russia and Japan have smoothed the way for the Admiralty and enabled it to approach with a bold front the problems it was called upon to face. The course of events has modified the relative importance of navies and naval combinations, and the Foreign Office has exerted an indirect and fortunate influence on shipbuilding and strategy, but as no one could have foreseen the result of the Russo-Japanese war a short time ago, and it is impossible even now to do more than guess at what the near future may hold in store, it would be unwise to predict a long period of greatly reduced naval expenditure. The most sanguine advocate of economical administration can scarcely expect any further decrease in the Estimates beyond that prophesied for 1906, since the figures for shipbuilding already touch low-water mark. Lord Cawdor warns his public in much the same language as did Lord Selborne that the scheme of building outlined in the Admiralty prospectus must depend on the programmes of other countries, which naturally turn on the outlook of the political horizon.

Having the advantage of a well-equipped Intelligence Department manned with picked talent to aid it in framing its conclusions, the Admiralty is in the fortunate position of being able to express its opinions without much fear of contradiction from outside; when therefore, speaking with a confidence born of knowledge, it proceeds to inform the world that the proposed building plans take heed of all developments

which the resources of foreign countries seem at present capable of, criticism is silenced and the taxpayer must hope that the warning in the current Naval Annual that the resources, pecuniary of course, of the United Kingdom are not equal to those of the United States, and that at the end of 1908 the United States will become the second naval power of the world, was unnecessary and uncalled for. The present year witnessed a reduction of three and a half millions in the Navy Estimates, and of this sum the shipbuilding vote was responsible roughly for three millions; the deliberations of the Estimates Committee now point to a further decrease of one and a half million in the coming year; it is a large amount to make up, and until it is known how this saving is effected it would be premature to jump to the hasty conclusion that the promised economy must necessarily be for the best; there will be time enough to join in the general chorus of praise when more details are to hand. So far the Admiralty has justified the trust placed in it, and is entitled to point with pride to the saving already brought about, but an assumed modesty is not its most conspicuous failing, and it can be safely relied on to pass over nothing which can serve to demonstrate its worth. The condemnation of old ships useless for war purposes was certainly a good stroke of work, yet the saving on scrapping of old ships is, as Lord Cawdor remarks, rather in the nature of saving of increased expenditure which would have been caused had the personnel been permitted to increase unduly: this being so, the Admiralty ought not to be given credit for effecting a saving in expenditure which has not been incurred, and could only have been incurred by wasting money on ships known to be obsolete or at best obsolescent; on this point Lord Cawdor is inclined to exaggerate the case for the Board: it is crowing over not making a mistake.

Perhaps the most interesting part of the First Lord's statement is that in which he deals with the development of the new system of entry and training of officers, for the question of interchangeability could not remain undecided much longer. The Report by Sir Archibald Douglass' Committee is said to have convinced the Board of Admiralty that permanent classification into separate lines is unnecessary. Needless to say, the conclusion arrived at is not due to any practical experience of the working of the new system in the British Navy, and on reading over Lord Selborne's utterances on the subject, there can be little doubt that to some extent the wish has been father to the thought. When the new scheme was first broached we drew attention to the almost insuperable difficulty involved in the principle of compulsory selection and the small chance there would ever be of filling the ranks of the engineer and marine branches with volunteers, if volunteering meant the abandonment of all hope of rising to the command of ships and fleets. These difficulties were bound to weigh with the Committee and influence its decision: they are now set at rest; time alone can tell whether the expectations raised will be fulfilled; if it can be shown in practice that interchangeability does not prove the truth of the old saw "Jack of all trades master of none", no fault will be found with the principle. The new arrangements for engine-room watch-keeping are well designed to relieve the future engineer specialist from the drudgery of mere routine work and he will have more leisure than seemed probable to mug up tactics, strategy, naval history, &c., and so qualify for promotion to higher rank. The changed conditions due to redistribution, the organisation of Reserve squadrons and present system of periodical manoeuvres, do away with the objection that he will not get sufficient opportunity to obtain the practical experience without which theoretical knowledge can avail little, but the engineer officer will have to work at high pressure if he is to take full advantage of the opportunities offered him and will require to be a man of no ordinary ability; when everything is taken into account, the amount of learning he will have to acquire is rather appalling for the average man to face. The Report sounds the death-knell of the Royal Marines: the change proposed may help to obscure the fact that the marine is doomed—yet he is doomed, despite the courteous phraseology of his death-warrant. When

the last of the old guard of officers disappears, the ground will be clear and there will be no longer any sentiment against doing away with the stiff out-of-date soldier-rig which during a tentative period will still distinguish the rank and file: the marine will then throw off his disguise and appear as comfort and common-sense dictate, a bluejacket borne for marine duties. It is idle to speculate whether in the whirligig of time soldiers may again be found embarked during war-time for service afloat: some are already saying that the engine-room watch-keeper will eventually oust the approved pattern of specialist engineer officer, and it is not beyond the realm of possibility that history may repeat itself in the case of the Royal Marine. Be this as it may, the future can be left to take care of itself; in present circumstances the passing of the soldier-marine seems to be for the good of the King's Service at sea, and there is nothing more to be said except that, as infantryman and artilleryman share equally in the glorious traditions of the past, so both alike deserve to be buried with all the pomp and honours of war.

### THE CITY.

IT has been a most uninteresting week on the Stock Exchange, marked by an exasperating see-saw in American railway shares, by the usual feeble fluttering of Kaffir shares, an eighth either way, and by supreme dullness in English railways and industrials. There was however something like a sensation in Russian bonds on Monday, when they fell to 78 on a reported panic in Paris, recovering in the next day or two to 82½. The news from Russia has been and is about as bad as bad can be, short of a revolution à la Française, with barricades, guillotine &c. Indeed from a business point of view the modern revolutionist's weapon of "the strike" is worse than the pike of the Jacobin, for it paralyses all commerce. Two facts seem to stand out from the Russian chaos, one, that Russia has enough available cash to pay the coupons of the bonds for the next six months—M. Rouvier rather overdid the thing when he talked of two years—and, second, that in six months, if the business is not settled, the bourses of Europe will somehow have accommodated themselves to the situation. Even eels get accustomed to being skinned alive, in time—at least so the fishmongers say. It is popularly assumed that Paris would be the principal sufferer by a Russian bankruptcy: but we believe that Berlin and Amsterdam would be just as hard hit. So long however as sufficient time is given to prepare, there is hardly any emergency which the resources of modern international finance are not capable of coping with. We are not therefore among those who believe in a Russian default. If a poor country like Spain could meet its engagements through the Cuban war, surely a country like Russia, with enormous natural and undeveloped wealth, will not join the noble army of bankrupts. Spanish bonds fell, it is true, to 30, and Russians may go down to 60, if haply the small French holders in the provinces should hear that there was a revolution in Russia. But winter, the conqueror of Napoleon, is on the side of law and order, and we refuse to be hysterical on this subject.

The two-dollar day-to-day fluctuations in the Yankee market point to a struggle between bulls and bears of unusual severity. When we say bears, we ought rather to say the conservative interests of the market, for we are not referring to the professionals on the floor who sell short. The commercial prosperity of the United States is indisputable and overflowing. The railways are choked with traffic and cannot get enough cars to transport their abnormal freights. But this very briskness of trade creates an unusual demand for loanable capital to develop new channels of enterprise, and this demand again denudes Wall Street of its customary supplies, or some of them, for the scarcity of money has been much overdone by the newspapers, acting doubtless under the instructions of the banks and what we have already alluded to as the conservative interests. One reads, for instance, that on such a day call-money touched 15 per cent., or, more

sensationally, was "twisted up to 20 per cent." This, of course, is mere "fake". People who have any right to accommodation can get money, and always have been able to get it, at reasonable rates. These sensational rates may have been charged in individual cases, and they are trumpeted in the press for the distinct purpose of keeping the market back until certain people think it safe to let it go ahead. That is why Union Pacifics rise in one account from 133 to 141, and then go down the next day to 138. No doubt such difficulty as exists is due to the American system of currency: and the course of the market points the moral of the annual report of the Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. Shaw's concluding paragraph is so clear and cogent that we think it is worth reproducing here:—

The necessity for an elastic currency has received fresh emphasis in the financial conditions of the last few months. Millions were loaned, approximately at 1 per cent., in Midsummer, and call money reached 25 per cent. in November. The exceedingly low rate was about as dangerous as the high rate, for the latter was the logical result of the former. Such extremes can and should be rendered impossible. As a means to this end, I suggest the advisability of permitting national banks to issue a volume of additional Government guaranteed currency, equal in amount to 50 per cent. of the bond-secured currency maintained by them, but subject to a tax of 5 or 6 per cent. until redeemed by the deposit of a like amount in the Treasury. By eliminating the words "secured by United States bonds deposited with the Treasurer of the United States" from national banknotes now authorised, the additional currency would be identical in form with that based upon a deposit of bonds, and its presence would not alarm, for it would not be known. Manifestly this additional currency would not spring into being until interest rates exceeded 6 per cent., and it would as promptly retire when rates became normal. Under these or any similar provisions 10 per cent. money would be well nigh impossible, and the Treasury Department would be saved a most embarrassing responsibility.

This state of things cannot go on indefinitely: and probably within the next week or so we shall see the beginning of a steady and substantial rise in American rails. One of the cheapest among the premier stocks seems to us to be Baltimore and Ohio at about 115. The rate of interest is 5 per cent., and if Unions are at 140 why not Baltimores? Unions are earning probably about 11 per cent.; Baltimores are earning probably about 14 per cent. Unions have their holding in Southern Pacifics, which have been going to pay a dividend for the last three years. Baltimores have realised enormous profits out of Readings. We should not be in the least surprised to see B. and O.'s suddenly lifted to 125, as soon as the money difficulty is over. The Argentine railway market has been almost stationary; though here again Buenos Ayres and Pacifics at 130 strike us as remarkably cheap. This stock has just paid 7 per cent. for the year ending June last, and the same rate of interest is assured for the current year. Then the amalgamation with the Argentine Great Western may come about in the next eight months. Barring the accidents of war or panic, we believe that this stock will stand at 150 by next June.

Opinions are divided as to whether the Kaffir market is oversold or not. That "there are a great many bears about", to use a common phrase is evident: the question is, whether the really big short accounts have been closed. What is wanted in the Kaffir market is results, not talk, or books by magnates. In Byron's "Don Juan" there is an antique spinster who asks, during the siege of some place, "When is the ravishing going to begin?" There are a good many antique shareholders in Kaffirs who ask "When is the dividend-paying going to begin?" It is childish to suppose that the new Liberal Government will do anything about Chinese labour. They will talk about it, and probably appoint a Commission to go and poke their noses into the compounds, and the Transvaalers will laugh at and ignore these fussy philanthropists. What is called for is the distribution of some of these precious results, which Mr. Lionel Phillips and others are always chattering about. In the desolate swamp of the Jungle Taquah and Abossos shine out, like a mirage, shall we say?



## MR. SHAW'S POSITION.

IT must amuse him, whenever he surveys it; and I hope he will some day write a comedy around it. It bristles with side-lights on so many things—on human character in general, and on the English character in particular, and on the particular difficulties that genius encounters in England, and on the right manner of surmounting them.

For years Mr. Shaw was writing plays, some of which, by hook or crook, in holes and corners, were produced. They were witnessed, and loudly applauded, by such ladies and gentlemen as were in or around the Fabian Society. Not that these people took their socialist seriously as a playwright. They applauded his work in just the spirit in which, had he started a racing-stable, they would have backed his horses. He was taken with some measure of seriousness by such of the professional critics as were his personal friends, and were not hide-bound by theatrical tradition. Here, they perceived, was something new in the theatre; and, liking to be in advance of the time, they blew their trumpets in their friend's honour. The rest of the professional critics merely sniffed or cursed, according to their manners. The public took no notice at all. Time passed. In Berlin, Munich, Vienna, and elsewhere, Mr. Shaw was now a popular success. Perhaps in the hope that England had caught an echo of this exotic enthusiasm, Messrs. Vedrenne and Barker ventured to produce "John Bull's Other Island". England had not caught that echo. There was only the usual little succès d'estime. But, not long after its production, the play was witnessed by a great lady, who advised an august person to witness it; and this august person persuaded a person yet more august to witness it. It had been withdrawn, meanwhile; so there was "a command performance". All the great ladies, and all the great gentlemen, were present; also, several paragraphists. That evening Mr. Shaw became a fashionable craze; and within a few days all London knew it. The Savoy restaurant is much frequented by fashion, and by paragraphy; and its revenues are drawn mainly from the many unfashionable people who go to feast their eyes on the people who are fashionable beyond dispute. No large restaurant can live by the aristocracy alone. Nor can even a small theatre. Mr. Shaw "pays" now because now the English middle class pays to see that which is seen and approved by the English upper class, and (more especially) to see the English upper class. Whether either of these classes really rejoices in Mr. Shaw, as yet, is a point on which I am doubtful. I went to see "Man and Superman" a few nights ago. The whole audience was frequently rocking with laughter, but mostly at the wrong moments. (I admit that Mr. Shaw's thoughts are often so profound, and his wit is always so swift, that to appreciate his plays rightly and fully at a first hearing is rather an achievement.) But it was obvious that the whole audience was very happy indeed. It was obvious that Mr. Shaw is an enormous success. And in the round-about way by which success has come to him is cast a delicious light on that quality for which England is specially notable among the nations.

His success is not gratifying to the critics. To those critics who are incapable of exercising their brains, and who have always resented Mr. Shaw vehemently, it is, of course, galling to find themselves suddenly at odds with public opinion—the opinion which they are accustomed to "voice". Having slated "John Bull", and slated "Man and Superman", they must have been in a fearful dilemma about the play produced at the Court Theatre last week, "Major Barbara". Perhaps this, too, was going to "catch on". Would it not be safer to climb down, and write moderate eulogies? I suspect it was stupidity as much as pride that diverted them from this ignominious course. They really could not make head or tail of the play. They were sure that this time Shaw really had come a cropper—had really delivered himself into their hands. "A success, are you? Pet of the public, are you? We'll see about that. We'll pet-of-the-public you. We'll" etc., etc. The old cries—"no dramatist", "laughing at his audience", and the like—were not

sufficient, this time. "Brute" and "blasphemer" were added. In the second act of the play, Mr. Shaw has tried to show some of the difficulties with which the Salvation Army has to cope. A ruffian comes to one of the shelters in quest of a woman who has been rescued from living with him. A Salvation "lass" bars his way, and refuses to yield. He strikes her in the face. The incident is not dragged in. It is necessary to the purpose of the whole scene. Nor has anyone ventured to suggest that it is an exaggeration of real life. Nor is the incident enacted realistically on the stage of the Court Theatre. At the first performance, anyhow, the actor impersonating the ruffian aimed a noticeably gentle blow in the air, at a noticeably great distance from the face of the actress impersonating the lass. I happen to be particularly squeamish in the matter of physical violence on the stage. I have winced at the smothering of Desdemona, for example, when it has been done with anything like realism. The mere symbolism at the Court Theatre gave me not the faintest qualm—not, I mean, the faintest physical qualm: aesthetically, of course, I was touched, as Mr. Shaw had a right to touch me. And it seems to me that the critics who profess to have been disgusted and outraged must have been very hard up for a fair means of attack. Equally unfair, for that it may carry conviction to the minds of people who have not seen the play, is the imputation of blasphemy. Mr. Shaw is held up to execration because he has put into the mouth of Major Barbara certain poignant words of Our Lord. To many people, doubtless, it is a screamingly funny joke that a female should have a military prefix. Also, there is no doubt that Mr. Shaw's play abounds in verbal wit, and in humorous situations. But the purport of the play is serious; and the character of Major Barbara is one of the two great factors in it. With keenest insight and sense of spiritual beauty, Mr. Shaw reveals to us in her the typical religious fanatic of her kind. Sense of spiritual beauty is not one of the qualities hitherto suspected in Mr. Shaw; but here it certainly is; and I defy even the coarsest mind not to perceive it. (To respect it is another matter.) When Major Barbara comes to the great spiritual crisis of her life, and when she believes that all the things she had trusted in have fallen away from her, what were more natural than that she should utter the words of agony that are most familiar to her? That any sane creature in the audience could have been offended by that utterance, I refuse to believe. It was as inoffensive as it was dramatically right. And the critics who have turned up the whites of their eyes, and have doubtless prejudiced against the play many worthy people who have not, like them, had the opportunity of seeing it, must submit to one of two verdicts—insanity or hypocrisy. I have no doubt that of these two qualities they will prefer to confess the latter. It is the more typically British.

In that delicate comedy, "Mr. Shaw's Position", the parts played by these critics seem rather crude. There is a subtler fun in the parts played by some of the superior critics—the critics who were eager to lend helping hands to Mr. Shaw in the time of his obscurity. So long as he was "only so high", and could be comfortably patted on the head, they made a pet of him. Now that he strides gigantic, they are less friendly. They seem even anxious to trip him up. Perhaps they do not believe in the genuineness of his growth, and suspect some trick of stilts. That would be a quite natural scepticism. A great man cannot be appreciated fully by his intimate contemporaries. Nor can his great success be ever quite palatable to them, however actively they may have striven to win it for him. To fight for a prince who has to be hiding in an oak-tree is a gallant and pleasant adventure; but when one sees the poor creature enthroned, with a crown on his head and a sceptre in his hand, one's sentiments are apt to cool. And thus the whilom champions of Mr. Shaw's virtues are now pre-occupied mainly with Mr. Shaw's defects. The old torches are still waved, but perfunctorily; and the main energy is devoted to throwing cold water. Whereas the virtues of Mr. Shaw used to be extolled with reservations for the defects, now the

defects are condemned with reservations for the virtues. Mr. Shaw, it is insisted, cannot draw life: he can only distort it. He has no knowledge of human nature: he is but a theorist. All his characters are but so many incarnations of himself. Above all, he cannot write plays. He has no dramatic instinct, no theatrical technique. And these objections are emphatically reiterated (often with much brilliancy and ingenuity) by the superior critics, while all the time the fact is staring them in the face that Mr. Shaw has created in "Major Barbara" two characters—Barbara and her father—who live with an intense vitality; a crowd of minor characters that are accurately observed (though some are purposely exaggerated) from life; and one act—the second—which is as cunning and closely-knit a piece of craftsmanship as any conventional playwright could achieve, and a cumulative appeal to emotions which no other living playwright has touched. With all these facts staring them in the face, they still maintain that Mr. Shaw is not a playwright.

That theory might have held water in the days before Mr. Shaw's plays were acted. Indeed, I was in the habit of propounding it myself. I well remember that when the two volumes of "Plays, Pleasant and Unpleasant" were published, and the ordinary dramatic criticisms in this REVIEW were still signed G. B. S., I wrote here a special article in which I pointed out that the plays, delightful to be read, would be quite impossible on the stage. This simply proved that I had not enough theatrical imagination to see the potentialities of a play through reading it in print. When, later, I saw performances of "Mrs. Warren's Profession", "The Devil's Disciple", and "You Never Can Tell", I found, to my great surprise, that they gained much more than they lost by being seen and not read. Still, the old superstition lingered in my brain. I had not learnt my lesson. When "Man and Superman" was published, I called it "Mr. Shaw's Dialogues", and said that (even without the philosophic scene in hell) it would be quite unsuited to any stage. When I saw it performed, I determined that I would not be caught tripping again. I found that as a piece of theatrical construction it was perfect. As in "John Bull's Other Island", so in "Major Barbara" (excepting the aforesaid second act), there is none of that tight construction which was in the previous plays. There is little story, little action. Everything depends on the inter-play of various types of character and of thought. But to order this process in such a way that it shall not be tedious requires a very great amount of technical skill. During the third act of "Major Barbara", I admit, I found my attention wandering. But this aberration was not due to any loosening of Mr. Shaw's grip on his material. It was due simply to the fact that my emotions had been stirred so much in the previous act that my cerebral machine was not in proper working order. Mr. Shaw ought to have foreseen that effect. In not having done so, he is guilty of a technical error. But to deny that he is a dramatist merely because he chooses, for the most part, to get drama out of contrasted types of character and thought, without action, and without appeal to the emotions, seems to me both unjust and absurd. His technique is peculiar because his purpose is peculiar. But it is not the less technique.

There! I have climbed down. Gracefully enough to escape being ridiculous? I should like mine to be a "sympathetic" part in "Mr. Shaw's Position."

MAX BEERBOHM.

#### VERDI'S REQUIEM.

THERE is one great requiem and no second to it. There are some interesting settings of various parts of the Mass for the Dead: Mozart's is the one mighty, miraculous work of art. Unapproached, unapproachable, unique, begotten in mystery, completed in the most obscure of circumstances, the object of a thousand absurd theories and speculations, it remains not a mere curiosity but the highest mountain peak in its own domain of quasi-religious music. If the Sanctus was not written by Mozart it was written by a composer as great as Mozart; Mozart certainly

composed the Agnus whatever foolish proofs are brought to the contrary; and the bulk of the music, which no one nowadays dreams of attributing to anyone but Mozart, stands amongst the noblest church music ever written. It is, I say, the one requiem, and it will not be matched until another Mozart visits the earth. He has not come yet. I lay stress on this platitude because in making an estimate of Verdi's requiem one instinctively gropes for some similar work to compare it with, and as there are comparatively few requiems in existence that one turns to Mozart. The masses of the true devotional school are useless for the purpose. After all, a contrast, if not a comparison, may be made with Mozart. Mozart's requiem is not music of the old polyphonic type: we find in it the symphonic type applied to religious music; for Verdi's music, far less polyphonic than Mozart's, is pure Italian opera of the modern school. This to speak broadly, roughly; yet, if one considers, the Agnus Dei of Mozart might be a fragment from the slow movement of one of the symphonies; and the Hostias, say, of Verdi a passage out of "Aida".

In discussing Verdi the Requiem cannot be left out of account: in fact, save in Mr. Visetti's Life its value has not hitherto been sufficiently insisted on. Perhaps some of my readers may remember that many years ago I wrote of "Aida" most disparagingly. Its noise, blatant, vulgar, brutal directness of expression annoyed me, and in my haste I declared that all men who said they liked Verdi at all were liars. Later on I had occasion to study the opera much more attentively: I heard big chunks of it every day for three months. The result was that I performed a volte-face and wrote of "Aida" a second time. Even that juster estimate of the composer was lacking in completeness: my knowledge of the Requiem was superficial and my opinion prejudiced. It is theatrical, even as Mozart's is symphonic; and if it was not theatrical it would not be Verdi's. Blended with the religious feeling of Mozart's is that sad personal note which makes it almost a bit of autobiography, makes it Mozart. Analogously the sense of the theatre in Verdi's makes it Verdi's: the unrestrained energy, the laying on of a curious local colour, also help to make it Verdi's. Towering high up, alone, stands Mozart's; far lower apart, equally alone, we have Verdi's.

But if Verdi's is on a much lower plane than Mozart's, it is almost startling to realise on how much higher a plane it is than the music of Verdi's imitators. By the side of them it appears almost a great work. Take Sir Charles Stanford, for instance. He also has written a requiem, and in it when he is not imitating Brahms he is imitating Verdi. Now Stanford has never been a slavish imitator of Verdi: he is nearly original in the resolution with which he avoids copying all Verdi's finest qualities. But he does essay Verdi's theatrical dodges, with the result that what is simply theatrical in Verdi becomes grotesque to a degree that drove me once to write of Stanford's "comic" requiem. It is compared with such attempts that Verdi's seems great. It is not great, not at any rate of the first order: it lacks the "high seriousness" which is indispensable in music as in other arts; and in a requiem more especially the irreverence of dancing on one's mother's grave. Verdi did not intend to dance on his mother's grave nor on the grave of the hero in whose memory he wrote his requiem, but he looked at everything, felt everything, through the theatre, and until one gets over the unpleasant feeling that those who are praying for the repose of the hero's soul are dressed in fancy costumes and posing on the stage an impression of flippancy remains. But compare, again, Verdi's requiem with the requiem in "Mors et Vita". Verdi had a much stronger feeling for the theatre than Gounod; but we feel Verdi to be intensely sincere and in earnest and the music of Gounod to be that of a man who could not be sincere and was never in earnest. In Verdi we find the theatre; in Gounod we hear the tenor in tights and a velvet jacket warbling from the footlights. "Mors et Vita" is far more theatrical and stagey than anything in Verdi's requiem.

It is an odd fact that Mozart's requiem should be the work of two or more hands and that what is now Verdi's was originally planned to be written by half a



dozen. But the notion of half a dozen combining to compose a requiem in Manzoni's memory came to nothing; and Verdi took the whole work on his own shoulders. I don't know in which form the "Libera me" was originally written. It was Verdi's contribution to the abortive composite work; but now it is a sort of summing-up of Verdi's own mass. Parts of it are simply horribly operatic; here, more than anywhere else in the work, the composer has invented with his eye on the stage and a set scene. Presently he gets to work in more serious earnest and then we get some very fine music. The opening number, "Requiem eternam" is a trifle operatic too at the beginning, but how pathetic and how sincere is the imploring "dona", three times repeated and leading into as lovely a melody as Verdi ever hit upon at the words "et lux perpetua". The setting of "ad te omnis caro veniet" is very different from Gounod's. Gounod tries to give us a sensation of terror by horrible noises and sounds: Verdi preserves the "requiescat" idea and ends with a passage of rare calm beauty. The "Dies iræ" has nothing of Mozart's sheer power, but it is sufficiently dramatic for the occasion. Mozart strikes with terrific force, making use of the simplest possible material, getting all his effects out of the ordinary chorus and orchestra: Verdi lays about him with flying string passages and every other device necessary for a storm scene in a theatre; Mozart makes even more tremendous the rhetorical effect of the tremendous words. Verdi tries to give us an elaborately detailed picture of the Last Judgment. The call of the last trumpets comes out of "Aida" and might well have remained there. I have never heard Verdi's requiem in a church and have no particular desire to hear it there, chiefly on account of those trumpets. Some are played in the orchestra and others in another part of the building, as though the seraphim had lost each other in paradise like hunters in a wood and were calling themselves together for that final deafening peal which is to wake earth's long sleepers. But Verdi, as at the beginning, sticks to his "eternal-rest" idea: after many scenes of turmoil and tumult he comes back to the prayer for eternal peace and finishes quite softly. The "qui Maria" is rather a charming bit of music, neither secular nor devotional in tone, and the same may be said of the offertorium. The Sanctus is more or less of a failure. It opens with cheap trumpets and then we get a fugue—and such a fugue. The subject has neither strength nor flow, it hops and skips, and the treatment is so weak and undetermined that one feels oneself to be drifting, not getting to any particular point or climax. The climaxes are of that bogus order which consists in piling up more and more noise; it is not in the stuff of the music itself. Here again we have the influence of the theatre. If you plan a church scene for the stage all the counterpoint in the world is wasted: only superficial effects can be got; and we could scarcely expect Verdi with his purely operatic technique suddenly to blossom out as a learned German capellmeister.

The later part of the work is by far the finest. The whole of the Agnus Dei is Verdi at his very best; and the "Hostias" with its quaint use of a bit of plainchant turned into an Italian melody is most beautiful and expressive. Finally, after the recapitulation which I have mentioned is formed by the "Libera me" the work ends as quietly as it began. It is nobly planned: architectonically it puts to shame the smaller Italian composers; indeed, Verdi himself had lost the constructive power he shows here when he came to "Otello" and "Falstaff". It stands with "Aida" as the product of his ripest and strongest period. If it never reaches the point of highest seriousness, the seriousness maintained by Mozart throughout his requiem, it possesses qualities that compel the admiration of everyone who loves fine and honest music and does not expect from any man more than he can give. Verdi, we must remember, was a peasant soul, a peasant mind: when he fails in his requiem it is not because of any wish to aim low, but because of the native simplicity which prevented him aiming very high. His aim was in its way a worthy one and his genius and sincerity enabled him to attain it.

JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

## AN EMIR.

ONLY two years ago it was a waste of sand, which from the edge of a high cliff looked out across the straits at Spain, that submerged fraction of the Eastern world. On it dogs, yellow and as thin as jackals, played. When it was dark they howled, making night hideous or melodious, according as the listener's ears were tuned to the roar of cities or to the silence of the East. Ragweed and mignonette, and now and then a bur and now and then a gentian struggled from the sand, their stalks grown woody with the drought. Dead dogs and cats strewn it abundantly, with offal of all kinds, and on the scanty grass an ass or two fed without appetite, resigned to fate.

At times some Arabs from the interior camped upon it, their bell-shaped tents sewn with squat bottles of blue cloth springing like mushrooms from the sand, their mules and horses standing listless in the sun, stamping at flies or neighing shrilly when they were fed at night. Their owners wandered on the cliff looking across toward "El-Andalus" pondering, perchance, upon the black, the incomprehensible, the element on which Allah has given scant dominion to his faithful, and of which Musa, he who conquered Spain and died in far Damascus, poor and a prisoner, said "It is a thing the mind of none can compass, vast and ungovernable, fools ride it to their ruin in their hollow ships . . . such is the sea, no man hath bridled it".

Perhaps the campers wondered why the people of the faith, those who alone can properly pronounce the letter "dod", did not again attempt the conquest of the land which once they ruled, or perhaps their thoughts but ran upon the price of eggs in Tangier, or in the sok of Jabaltár.

Jews and more Jews, the women handsome, but graceless as must be all condemned for centuries to persecution, and the men more Spanish than the Spaniards in their faces, but much more European in their minds, lived in long rows of pink or sky-blue houses, upon every side. The little plain called the Marshán, on which in Carolean times battles were fought against the Moors, under the chief the English called Lord Gáylan, spread out between the cliffs above the sea and those which run down to the River of the Jews. Just at the end a Moorish cemetery, a field of stones, cut into little paths on every side, in which the feet of all the passers-by for centuries had left deep ruts, seemed to connect the living and the dead, in the familiar way of Africa, where no God's acre, railed and cut off from all the world, forms both a barrier against the quick, and yet a link with those who sleep beneath the grass.

The waste of sand, the cemetery, the howling dogs, and all the features of the life of Tangier, which have endured since first Ibn-Batuta left its walls to set forth on his travels, seemed likely to go on for ever, as changeless as the tide-rip which foams and billows in the middle of the Straits.

Then on a day a gang of builders suddenly appeared, Arabs with sacking tied about their loins, talking and shouting, and falling over one another in their zeal to do as little as was possible. A Spanish foreman, solemn and olive-coloured (a Moor in trousers and a cap), speaking a jargon between Andalúz and Arabic, and half incomprehensible to all his workmen, walked about, looking intensely grave, and now and then cursing his men for dogs of infidels.

A Jew, thin, lithe and eager, acted the part of clerk of works, and in a month or two walls and more walls of courtyards, the scheme of every Moorish house, rose as by magic from the sand. The noise and the confusion of the men would have shamed Babel easily, and yet the work went on, went on by force of human strength and sweat, men raising stone by pulleys, in which palmetto ropes creaked noisily, whilst donkeys waited patiently with lime.

So did they build the pyramids, the temples at Palenqué, and thus did the Alhambra rise out of the rocks which crown the gorge above the courses of the Darro and Genil. Grave, bearded, white-clad men, holding each other's hands, as children do in lands where custom sets a gulf unbridgeable betwixt the

actions of the old and young, came and sat down on heaps of stones and criticised. They gave their reasons solemnly, and with much calling upon God, raising their hands with a slow motion from the wrist, and turning up their palms towards their auditors, who listened to them silently with now and then a pious phrase, which whistled through the larynx as the wind whistles through the trees. Some held the employment of the Christian would bring bad luck, whilst others gave as their opinion that the infidel was given might by God over the steam and electricity, and it was right to profit by his lore, as Allah, for wise reasons of his own, allowed him greatly to enjoy the earth, reserving to himself the power, the world's play done, to cast him into Tophet where he should wither for a thousand years.

Men swarmed like ants about the walls, chattering like parrots in a field of maize, and mules and donkeys carrying bricks and lime went to and fro, men urging them with blows and shouting curses on their mothers, all which they took unmoved and uncomplaining, their round black eyes looking amazed and philosophically upon their fellow-slaves who ran beside them yelling in their ears.

Word came from Suez or Port Said that soon the owner of the place might be expected, and that all must be finished by a certain day, on which he with his women and his suite would be in Tangier, and would take possession of the house. Painters and decorators, working with a will, soon gave the interior a habitable air, glazing the windows with parti-coloured glass, and painting dados of great stripes of blue picked out with orange, and finishing pink window-frames with green, a scheme of colour which to a Western eye seems crude, but which in Africa the light tones down and softens, as in a garden flowers are blended by the sun into a harmony.

Then, all desisted from their work, and the great house stood silent in the sun, as some huge palace in the realms of the "Arabian Nights" called up by genii, springs in a night, and perhaps vanishes away as speedily, into the sand from which it rose. Though built so hastily, it yet looked solid, the long white walls without a window, giving it an air as of a fortress, which the great gate did not belie though plated with sheet tin.

The master landed at the port, his baggage packed in carpets and in great wooden cases, filling a lighter to the water's edge, and he himself dressed all in fleecy white, was welcomed by his friends. He got upon his mule, settled his clothes, and followed by a friend from Mecca, rode slowly through the town. Women and eunuchs followed, and the whole train emerging from the walls, clattered and slithered up the slippery street paved with rough cobble stones, and stood before the house. Cushions were brought and, sitting down, the owner's part was done, for he sat drinking tea and opening letters, handing them to his secretary to read and comment on, as if he had already lived a lifetime in the house new risen from the sand. His household silently fell into its accustomed round. A throng of wild retainers lounged about the door, which opened on a narrow street, giving no inkling of the splendour of the place. Horses and mules were hobbled in the grounds, and tents were pitched in corners, in which mysterious men dozed on their saddles, or sat drinking tea, and to which messengers arrived bearing exaggerated news about the doings of the French upon the frontier, the fights between the tribes, and of the struggles of the various European Powers for the pre-dominance at Fez.

The owner having been a minister of State, one of those men who in the East are sure to sow the seeds of jealousy in sovereigns' minds by standing out too high above the crowd, and who had fallen into disgrace, losing most of his property, and running danger of his life, looked on his palace as a sort of exile, not that he as an Arab, probably was more attached to one place than another, but as a banishment from power, which so appeals to all men of his race, that Diocletian, the one philosopher in practice, who has sat upon a throne, to them would be a madman, and his retirement, the wisest action history has set down of any ruler in the world, incomprehensible. Their subtle,

quick and yet material minds rise to few flights of fancy. That which exists, for them is absolute, and Allah sent his sun, his rain, his power or poverty for men to bear, enjoy or profit by, but not to criticise.

So in his garden, which had been made as quickly as the house, and which his taste had set with beds of Indian corn and vegetables, after the fashion of his race, that holds all gardens should be used for profit, and flowers as incidental, and not necessities as in the West, he passed some of the portion of an Oriental's life that Westerns see. Dressed all in spotless white, eager and lithe, and never still an instant when upon his feet, he roamed about much as a tiger roams about its cage. At times he sat, quiet and impassive, as is a joss upon its shrine, in one of those small narrow rooms the Moors construct in which to see their friends who cannot pass into the house. Beside him sat his secretary, a young black-bearded Arab doctor of the law, who had passed years in Mecca and at Cairo, and yet had learned no word of any tongue but Arabic. Quick and intelligent, almost vivacious in his speech, his manners courteous, and his smile as ready to break out as sun in April, and to illumine all his face with seeming kindness, some thought he was a fanatic at heart, others that in the holy city of the Haj, seeing the mystery too near, he had become indifferent, even a sceptic, as happens now and then to ardent Christians who have lived long in Rome, and become too familiar with their faith. But, if his thoughts were difficult to fathom, as no doubt the thoughts of Europeans, ever a mystery to Easterns, were to him, they were as clear as crystal beside those of the accomplished ex-minister, now fallen from his high estate, to whom the house belonged.

Jews, Moors and Europeans and an occasional out-at-elbows Turk, all thronged his doors, most of them anxious for assistance of some kind. To some he gave hard cash, to others promises, but always courteously, so that none said of him as says the adage, "The man has neither charity nor a kind word to give."

But, on the other hand, the richer Europeans, in want of lions, which had long ago retired into the Atlas Mountains beyond Fez, had hailed with acclamation his advent in their midst.

No party was complete without him, and as the dancers whirled about, with arms and shoulders bare, he sat and possibly discreetly wondered at the show.

Silent and bored, but smiling, he sat at parties, timid but haughty, for no one better than an Arab knows all the gradations of society, or is so quick to take offence at courtesies omitted, or any social sin committed by his host. Women, young, beautiful and half-undressed stood by his side, their petticoats just mingling with his flowing robes, and he who from his youth had never looked a woman in the face, except she was his sister or his wife, stood unconcerned, although his blood, no doubt, ran boiling through his veins. Still he smiled on, a smile so enigmatical that even diplomats who put him down as a hot-headed Arab chief, must surely now and then have wondered what he thought.

The hospitalities that he received from German, English, and from French alike, he paid back amply in his new palace, in which the plaster and the paint were hardly dry, and where the flowers in the garden seemed to have been planted all in bloom, and yet which, by the virtue of the climate and the custom of the land which makes it natural to let a house decay for want of necessary care, then build another by the side of it, neither seemed old nor yet conspicuously new.

Playing at tennis with young ladies in his court, which, painted green to mitigate the glare, looked out upon the sea, he still looked dignified. Walking about the open yards, which serve in Arab houses as reception-rooms, after a dinner party, and no doubt conscious that a dozen curious eyes of carefully veiled women watched from upper windows, envying or perhaps despising the greater opportunities their European sisters had, he looked as must have looked the Emirs of Granada, when they entertained a batch of Christian knights and ladies, in the last bulwark of Islam, in Spain.

So, in the house which he had built, as it were by chance, and in the garden looking on the sea, he passed his days, for the most part, after the fashion of his



fathers, half of his life shut from the world behind a curtain, from which at times came voices in dispute and sometimes songs, harsh and high pitched, but haunting as is a cricket's pæan to the sun, heard in a noonday halt beneath the trees. Sometimes he rode abroad, erect and swaying on his horse, his long white draperies afloat, with his eyes fixed upon the distance, after the manner of his ancestors who, as they rode across the sands, looked out for enemies. His, though concealed, are just as imminent, and he awaits them still, uncomprehended and incomprehensible, courteous and cruel, rash and yet diplomatic, lounging the hours away upon the cliff, from which he sees the land where his race flourished, and from which, constrained by circumstance or fate, it sunk again into the sands.

R. B. CUNNINGHAM GRAHAM.

#### METHUSELAH AND MORTALITY.

WHEN Hamlet suggested to Horatio that it was possible to trace the dust of Cæsar into very unimperial situations Horatio remarked that he thought this was to inquire too curiously. So it may be said of certain reflections which occur if we let our minds dwell on some possible changes in our lives or our views of things, which would result from a prolongation of our present tale of years to some impossible period of, we might say, a thousand years. And yet it is quite within the range of scientific probability that at some perhaps not far distant day a man may put to himself seriously the question whether or not he shall avail himself of the means at his disposal of prolonging his life indefinitely beyond what we call the natural span. It may also happen that the community as a whole may some time have to decide whether it is desirable that artificial means of immensely raising the average of life should be used as we now use the ordinary methods of sanitation. We have already got so far as to look upon old age as a specific disease, with a distinct cause or causes which may probably in the future be eliminated, as the causes of other diseases may be eliminated at our present stage of pathological knowledge. That this may be so is not so disputable as the benefit to the race and the individual would be doubtful. We gather from our reading of a treatise on this subject that very decided gains would result. How the economic value of life would be increased, what loss saved to society by the infrequent occurrence of death. In another respect what sorrow and distress, what moral loss, would be avoided if human life generally were prolonged. Yet if we suppose that the old-age philtre should prove inaccessible to the majority we find certain drawbacks which might make one hesitate to commit himself individually to the experiment of a life beyond his contemporaries. There would be little happiness gained whatever gain there might be of knowledge and power, by remaining a sort of last man, surviving after our own natural generation had departed. It is not only the weaknesses and decay of the faculties which make old age burdensome. There is the gradual falling away of associations and friendships until we cease to be in sympathy with the new generation and all our relations with the world become dislocated. This consideration alone makes us suspect that world-weariness would grow on our supposed Methuselah until it overmatched whatever pleasure he might take in the exercise of his increased faculties. The prospect is no less gloomy than the retrospect. The future of no other earthly person will lie beyond the future of the man himself. He will outlive his own parents, wife, children. Their lives are not invested for him with that charm which springs from brooding over lives that are to be continued when he has gone. Will he not get tired of entering into a system of relationships always dissolving? Will he care to take on himself new burdens perpetually; or will he not rather withdraw himself from all domesticity? This seems the more likely as the usual relations of love and marriage would probably have become impossible. Contemporary man and woman fall in love and marry, but where would the patriarch of five hundred summers find the helpmeet for him? Then he would have

become so oppressively wise! Eve was bored to extinction with Adam's wisdom, and she wandered off into paths destined to be fatal to the matrimonial domicile. Into what family circle could such a patriarch be received as a son-in-law?

If we may thus imagine some of the difficulties as regards life, what may we suppose would be such a man's thoughts of death? One of two things seems inevitable. Either he will become callous by the so frequent occurrence of death amongst those with whom he is connected by family ties or he will suffer from perpetually recurring bereavements which would add indefinitely to the sorrows of life. There is something repulsive in the thought that death might become so familiar that the dead wife or the dead child would become an object of indifference. Yet if this was not the effect, he must remain susceptible to the misery of bereavement and the rupture of family ties, and we get a picture of human suffering which cannot be imagined without shrinking. The desirable term of life would from this cause alone contract into a period far within the possible physical conditions.

There are other considerations, not merely personal, which apply generally if we suppose the extension of life to be not individual alone but in common to a whole community. The figure of death which is always looming imminent over us now determines every project and act and thought of our lives. All our temporal affairs are solemnised and touched with a moral and religious signification through the short and precarious tenure allowed to us. Would religion and morality remain the same ideas to us that they are now? The solemn and impressive appeals now made to us would, even less than they do at present, seize and possess our imaginations. "The days of our years are threescore years and ten", but suppose we had to re-edit this utterance and declare them to be forty or fifty score years, would our imagination be so possessed? What a change this would involve in our liturgies and hymn-books! The frailty and uncertainty of our years would cease to have an intelligible meaning. A whole world of metaphor and simile and poetical allusion would disappear into meaninglessness. Could we speak of such a life as being like a tale that is told? As the sparks fly upward; as the vapour rises and disappears; like a watch in the night; and a multitude of other such tropes and figures would vanish. In our short life errors, mistakes and wrongs done often cannot be rectified; the opportunity may not recur. There are more chances in the longer life; and hence a whole body of moral aphorisms would fall to the ground.

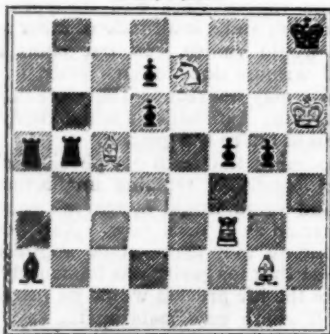
We are assuming that with our physical change our psychological condition remains unaffected; that in fact a thousand years would appear as enormous and indefinite a period as it does now. Any view must be speculative but we may make some suggestions. On the supposition that longevity was immensely increased, every stage in the life process would be proportionately increased. If youth now lasts up to, say, twenty, it would in the new circumstances continue for two or three hundred years if the extended term were a thousand. Now to youth the future seems an interminable vista. Much of its levity is due to this cause. This accounts for so much indifference to the wisdom of the elders. What they teach it as to the transitoriness of life passes over it unheeded, because the idea is not so real as it is to the man who has passed the mid term or attained old age. The youth stage therefore would be still the youth stage in any event, and would imagine the future very much as it does now. The days and months and years would pass slowly, and appear to be immense because vague; full consciousness not yet having begun to mark off distinctly one event from another. It is not until this point is reached that time begins to go fast. It is the mature man who realises this. His conception of the flight of time is definite; while it is only rudimentary in the immature. Not until manhood, therefore, which we should have to put at some point after the second century of the man's life, would time have become a concrete thing to be reckoned in definite quantities. We should then realise quite distinctly and as a concrete thing that the days of our years had

been extended beyond threescore years and ten; and so would come into play all those different adjustments to our surroundings which would, as we have suggested, affect all our moral and religious notions. Time would still be measured astronomically, night and day in the absence of astronomical changes would be what they are now; and only the sum of them, which we call our life, would be altered; so that we should be very conscious of the fact that the sum had changed. This being the condition of Methuselah in his mid period, what may we speculate as to his old age which we should put in the last three hundred years if he were a millenarian? Probably this old age, like the millenarian's youth, would not present very much change from what it is at present, and he would look back on the past as an old man does now. To the declining faculties the mere difference in length of the period of retrospect is not of much consequence. The mind leaps over the later years and fastens on some part of the past which is little more than a point in the length of years. This period is a symbol of the man's life rather than an actuality; it is almost mystical and very mythical to him. Imagine the centenarian's term prolonged indefinitely; yet his retrospect on the past would be essentially what it is now. We must suppose then that it would only be during the mid period of his immensely increased span of life that there would be much change in our Methuselah regarding time and affairs. And this will arise not from a psychological change in him, but simply as a consequence of the fact itself that human life had actually become longer; and he would realise quite distinctly that he had so many more years at his disposal than we of the present day have. Whether he would become wiser and capable of greater things intellectually we have not considered. But it is at least doubtful whether he would be a happier or morally and religiously a better man than he would be under existing conditions.

### CHESS.

PROBLEM 57. By F. KÖHNLEIN.

Black, 8 pieces.



White, 5 pieces.

White to mate in three moves.

PROBLEM 58. By HOLZHAUSEN.—White (4 pieces): K-KKt8, B-KKt6, B-QB3, P-QKt2. Black (3 pieces): K-QR8, Kt-Q8, P-QR7. White to win.

Solutions to above will be duly acknowledged.

KEY TO PROBLEM 56: 1. Q-Q7.

### CHESS HANDICAPS.

The amount of space devoted to games at odds in the old chess magazines, and the total absence of any articles dealing with the subject now, illustrates how great is the change which has come over British chess players. It is a pity that the fine opportunities for subtle handicapping which chess affords, so that players of all classes may have just an equal chance of winning, should be so entirely neglected. Those interested in the subject are aware that although this country possesses a plethora of first-class amateurs who know everything about the technique of the game there

is not more than one man who can be considered likely to occupy a high position in any international tournament. The giving of odds compels a player to be enterprising, and we are strongly of opinion that the lack of opportunities for developing originality which games at odds offer is responsible for that sameness of style which is so characteristic of our first-class players. All are disciples of that modern school which says concede nothing in material or in the integrity of the position, but wait for something to turn up. Lasker, Tarrasch, Pillsbury, Maroczy, Janowsky, and Marshall are the leading exponents of the modern school, but they teach the lesson that, while this may be good enough to ensure a little more than mediocrity, some sort of risk must be taken if more than that is to be accomplished against players whose knowledge is equal to their own. Thus individuality distinguishes their play and they are in a class to themselves.

Players with a turn for originality cannot be produced on demand. But circumstances may tend to develop any element that may exist, and just as now they produce a dead-level sort of player because all learn from the same book, so other circumstances may have a different effect. The reason why games at odds have died out does not redound to the credit of chess players. At billiards any player entering a tournament likes to get on as favourable a mark as possible, so that his chances of winning shall be greater. But chess players are more anxious that they shall belong to a high class than that they shall win tournaments in it. To pander to their feelings one ingenious club hit on the idea of making nearly all the members first-class and then dividing them up into A1, A2, A3, &c. This device is becoming quite common. Everybody is first-class and nobody is any the worse.

A "first-class" player considers his dignity to require him to refuse to accept odds from anybody. The example is set and the rook player sits down to an opponent with the remark that as he does not mind losing he prefers to play level, though he has not a million to one chance of holding his own. Nothing will compel a player to be so true to himself, to give expression to any idea which may present itself so much as a game in which he is materially handicapped. Time, he knows, is not on his side. The longer the game proceeds the more the advantage of superior force asserts itself. He has to abandon orthodox notions, and usually by some outrage on the position he tries to turn the tables. The giver of odds accustoms himself instinctively to probe into and measure his opponent's mind. With equal players he dare not take big risks which he knows to be intrinsically unsound or unfathomable. To be able to calculate the workings of a player's mind is however a valuable faculty, and can only be cultivated at the expense of weaker players.

At different times different masters make this country their home. They are never challenged to a match on equal terms because first-class amateurs know they have no chance, and they do not ask for odds because it would be undignified to accept them. Forty years ago the best players of the country were not animated by these paltry considerations. They recognised their superiors, and were not afraid of acknowledging them. Now, we imagine aloofness from the masters makes us giants so long as we can play all sorts of pranks in the coteries of tiros, and have "first-class" dinned in our ears often enough by people who are either superficial or flatterers.

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### THROUGH ROSE-TINTED GLASSES.

"Kate Greenaway." By M. H. SPIELMANN and G. S. LAYARD. London: Black. 1905. 21s.

"PEOPLE say I see with rose-coloured spectacles", wrote Kate Greenaway to a friend. By people she probably meant a small and discreet minority of admirers: but in any case it seems a just and happy criticism of her art. This book, which reproduces a good deal of her choicest work, shows she assuredly did not see through the painted windows of a high imagination. To say this is not to deny her a lovely gift. It is not, indeed, to deny that she had genius, which Mr. Spielmann or Mr. Layard would claim for her. Genius, a term rather fallen from its high, if not from its original, estate, always implies, except we use it lightly in talk, imagination and originality. Kate Greenaway had both. Mr. Walter Crane, in a note on her which appears in this book, rightly points out that the people who loosely bracketed together Kate Greenaway, Caldecott and himself as special children's book providers ignored differences of style and aim. As for Caldecott—what Christmas numbers those were when his fetching colour and fresh gaiety decked their pages!—he complained that she took such a hold of him that every picture of his for a time would come out a Greenaway. And for Mr. Crane's work, we can hardly understand how it could be bracketed with hers—an infelicitous comparison. Kate Greenaway, then, we should say, was original enough, her imagination her own. As the word is used to-day, one can share the view that there was genius in her work. But conceding it to Kate Greenaway, we must to Birket Foster too, and possibly to the very pretty work of Mrs. Allingham—a name by the way which often occurs in this book.

When we talk of Kate Greenaway, Birket Foster occurs to us in the most natural way. True, his work is now nothing beside hers in popularity. He is quite out of vogue, little thought of, except among a few who prize absolutely sincere and painstaking book illustration, the reverse of meretricious, which goes far to fulfil Thomas Westwood's hard conditions—and who above all prize the English elm and the English lane. Birket Foster's children were in the main incidental—though little bevvies of bird-nesters and bird-listeners and primrose-gatherers can be recalled that are enough to make tiny ecstasies, tingles of delight, shoot through one. The elmy village way, the coppice of April with its perfumed breath, the peep across the stile at harvest scene, bits of clematis hedgerow in which you think the thrush—here was Birket Foster's genius, rather than in the human figures delightful as these often are. Everywhere his work was petit, possibly more finished ad unguem than Kate Greenaway's or Mrs. Allingham's, still like theirs in essence miniature. "In her landscapes she does not seem to have studied landscape for its breadth or sought to read and transcribe the mighty message of poetry it holds for every whole-hearted worshipper. Rather did she seek the passages of beauty and the pretty scenes which appealed to her, delighting in the sonnet, as it were, rather than in the epic." This would apply as well to Foster as to Kate Greenaway of whom Mr. Spielmann uses it: though we might demur at the idea of the sonnet always serving as image for something little, pretty. Little in length the sonnet is, yes—though did not an editor once order one from Mr. Gosse or Mr. Dobson, to fill not more than a column in his paper?—but deep often and in colour marvellous as the narrow fjord.

It is not, however, so much in the sizes of their canvases, in the absence of boldness, that we notice poets such as Kate Greenaway, and these others here mentioned, lacking. Miniature work and the finest touch in any work of thought or feeling are not incompatible with loftiest, most inspiring ideas. Why indeed should not miniature be sublime? Man is cast in miniature,

and in "the cosmography of myself" Browne found a continent of prodigies. Let the ruder heads stand amazed at Nature's colossal pieces then. Where Birket Foster and Kate Greenaway alike do fail to satisfy at times is not in this, it is rather in the absence of mystery from their work. He gives us a delicious bit of distant blue hill—it preaches peace; she the daintiest of muffed and tippetted little maids, and we think "the pretty darling". Dainty is felt to be the description, though perhaps that new-frock word—which for the moment belongs so exclusively to one sex that the other cannot use it without a blush—is better; there is no doubt that her little maids are "sweet". But this is not enough to make artists great. The really high art, literature, painting, music, no matter what the branch be, is unthinkable without the feeling of mystery about it.

Ruskin, in one of his earliest and least-known works, "The Poetry of Architecture"\* says there can be no beauty—only prettiness—without sadness: and this sadness in scenery, which he had in mind, is always instinct, akin with mystery. How can there be anything truly great which does not aspire to the deeps and heights outside the humble sphere of what we know and see clearly? Some people talk and write as if the Kelt alone—alone at least among English people—had this sense of mystery in him, the rest of us having just a grasp of the obvious, and no more; and they love to vapour about the "Keltic temperament". We all know about this cult: and how, oddly enough, it is run sometimes by people with no more claim to be regarded as Kelts than they have to be regarded as Sandwich Islanders. In truth, the feeling of mystery associated in their jargon with the Kelt, is common to all races, and absolutely essential to great literature and art and their appreciation. We cannot see this quality to any extent in the very pretty and deft pictures by Kate Greenaway, nor in the exquisite touch and labour of Birket Foster. They had genius only within their own schools. But one must be prig and curmudgeon to deny that, despite this restriction, they did good work, and did it to the innocent delight and so to the benefit of thousands of people. They have brought a little worldful of prettiness, tenderness also in some degree, into lives that need and hunger for these things. This is especially so with Kate Greenaway's work. Its admirers are of every continent, almost every race. The French and Germans appreciate her, one or two of the German publishers so much that they strove in her lifetime, half by threat, half by insult, as this book shows, to wring her work out of her for a song. Ruskin fell into raptures over her.

A budget of correspondence between the two is published here. We cannot say that these letters and a good many others in the volume move us much. Not all of a genius is genius. There is no time to read everything which even the greatest have said or written. The lumber-rooms of literature and history are being packed full. But one can read with real profit other parts of the book, notably the introductory chapter, and, at the close, Mr. Spielmann's judgment on Kate Greenaway as artist, delicately worded, enthusiastic yet nicely balanced. The pencil study of a toddling baby—a simple black and white which we prefer to any of the colour process reproductions—is the best thing of Kate Greenaway's we have seen, a splendid bit of draughtsmanship. Kate Greenaway owed not a little of her early success to Mr. Evans the colour-printer, who recognised the excellence of her work at the start, and backed it generously. He was so zealous that he wrote to George Eliot asking her to furnish a story for Kate Greenaway to illustrate. George Eliot did not furnish that story. We should as soon have thought of asking Socrates.

\* "These youthful essays, though deformed by assumption, and shallow in contents, are yet curiously right up to the points they reach; and already distinguished above most of the literature of the time, for the skill of language, which the public at once felt for a pleasant gift in me" ("Præterita").

## KELTIC GODS AND HEROES.

"The Mythology of the British Isles." By Charles Squire. London: Blackie. 1905. 12s. 6d. net.

THIS book supplies a great literary vacuum. Much indeed has been done of recent years by Keltic scholars like Professor Rhys, Mr. Alfred Nutt, M. d'Arbois de Jubainville, Miss Weston, Lady Gregory and others, to retell, elucidate, and explain the mythology, folk and fairy lore of Keltic Britain and Ireland. For the first time, however, an attempt is here made to give the public a compact view of the Keltic mythology of the British Isles, regarded as a whole. From some of the writer's conclusions scholars may differ. He is perhaps too ready (like his master Professor Rhys) to transform mythical heroes into weather gods. But he has placed it in the power of the ordinary reader to know the story of the Fomors and the Fenians, of the Gaelic Argonauts, and the brown bull of Cualgne, of the wooing of Branwen and the beheading of Brân, of Arthur the Emperor, as the Kelts knew him before the songsters of France had transformed him out of recognition, of the hunting of the wild boar Twrch Trwyth from Grin over the meads of Dyfed, until he was lost for ever in the Cornish sea. Such stories will at least make brave reading; whether however a more general knowledge of them will have the vital effect on the literature of the future which our author anticipates is a more open question.

The first four chapters of the book are an introductory sketch of the more ancient inhabitants of the British Isles. We have the usual account of the Goidels and Brythons and of the aboriginal dark race (that preceded them), which is called Iberian. Our author, however, says little of the movement of population that took place in the island after the departure of the legions, and quite ignores the march of Cunedda and his followers from the northern wall into Wales, an inroad of which the result was the creation of the Welsh people as a nation. Druidism was, he holds, the accepted religion of the Kelts, herein (for him a remarkable thing to do) differing from Professor Rhys, who regards it as the religion only of the Iberians. Modern scholarship is, in the main, with him in this conclusion, and, needless to say, ancient writers from Cæsar onwards take the same view.

The introduction finished, the work falls into two portions, the first of which discusses the Gaelic or Goidelic mythology of Ireland and the Highlands, and the latter the Brythonic, or British, mythology of Wales and Keltic England. Of the two mythologies, the Gaelic is the better preserved. The ancient Irish manuscripts show clearly the Gaelic deities like those of other Aryan nations placed in two opposing camps. "On one side are ranged the gods of day, light, life, fertility, wisdom and good; on the other the demons of night, darkness and death". The first are arrayed, as a divine family, around a goddess Danu; the latter own allegiance to a female divinity Domnu, a word signifying the abyss or deep sea, an idea also expressed in the generic name of Fomors, which signifies under the sea. In other words, the first class are the Olympians, the latter the Giants of Greek mythology. Several chapters are taken up with the coming of the gods and their war with, and victory over, the Fomors. The victory of the gods over the children of night and chaos, however, was (as the prophetess Budb foretold) only the prelude of the end of the divine age, for the next event is the conquest of the gods themselves by a new race who came from over the sea and who were mortals and the ancestors of the Gaels. The shame of the defeat of the gods, at the hands of mortals, was lessened by the fact that the victorious Kelts were descended from the god of death, and came from the land of the dead to take possession of the world. It was left for the monkish rationalisers of the Irish myths to substitute Spain for Hades, and so comes the legendary history of the first conquest of Ireland. It remained for those of the gods who refused after the conquest of Ireland to expatriate themselves to live on for ever there, as the Aes Sídhe, the people of the hills, the Banshees of Irish song and legend. Though the divine age of Ireland is over with



the dethronement of the gods, the heroic age is still to come, and a spirited account follows of the great deeds done by the heroes of the Irish Iliad, when Ulster fought Ireland because of the desire of Medb the Queen of Connaught to win the brown bull of Cualgne, and of the wondrous prowess of Finn and the Fenians, until the day when Ossian the last hero of the old order told Patrick that he cared not for Heaven, if the Fenians might not be there. More interesting however than even his fights is the romantic beauty of the love stories of the Gael of the heroic age to which a singularly interesting chapter is devoted. The second part of the work dealing with Brythonic mythology, which in its main ideas was similar to the Goidelic, is in some ways less interesting. This is due to the fact that the descriptions and stories of the British gods have come down to us in a less ample and compact form than those of the deities of the Gaels. On the other hand, these deities according to our author's view represent characters with which, in their euhemerised form, every educated person is acquainted. For instance King Lear is Llyr the sun god, while Cordelia is Creudylad or the British Proserpine. The Arthurian cycle is treated in the same way. Merlin is a sky god. Sir Gawain is also a solar deity. Vivien is Rhiannon (who figures in the Mabinogion story of Pwyll, Prince of Dyfed) and is a goddess of the dawn or the moon. In this view our author is of course following Professor Rhys. The theory has something to commend it, and, no doubt, some of the Arthurian knights unquestionably do possess the attributes of Celtic deities. It is, however, not without its dangers. The more scholars regard the Mabinogion stories as mythological documents, relating to the weather or sky gods, the more prone do they become to overlook the historic facts which these stories embody. Take for example the "dream of Rhonabwy". Our author sees in it a mythological story. Mythological details may be embedded therein, but Arthur appears as the Emperor, who receives tribute from the isles of Greece, while his genial adversary (who in this summary of the story finds no mention) is no demon of the air or underworld but Osla Gyllell Vawr, the ancestor (as a recent Welsh scholar has shown) of Cerdic and of Alfred the Great. With this criticism, we have nothing but praise for the admirable manner in which the reader is put into possession of the results of recent criticisms on these old stories. The pages that deal with the myth of the Holy Graal are especially fascinating.

The concluding chapter touches on the survivals of Celtic paganism in this island. It is interesting to read that the Kelt imagines that uncanny things have a habit of happening on May Day, alias the Beltaine—also that much of the dread that surrounds All Hallowe'en comes from the time, when men saw that night a "bogy on every stile" and extorted omens of the future by unnatural rites from the dark powers. In this connexion there is a mention of the mystical meaning of the midsummer bonfires in Ireland, and the All Hallowe'en bonfires in Wales. We may add that the importance of these bonfires in old Celtic religion is also exemplified in the great part which they still play in the Pardons of Brittany.

#### ENGLISH HOURS.

"English Hours." By Henry James. Illustrated by Joseph Pennell. London: Heinemann. 1905. 10s. net.

MR. HENRY JAMES possesses the faculty of making familiar things new. He enables the reader to realise the glamour of certain places and localities, the peculiar genius of certain streets. It is the defect of not a few of those who attempt to transfer to the reader through the medium of cold print an impression of sensation on seeing certain places and people to convey also an idea of unreality, artificiality or even perhaps insincerity. It would seem somehow as if they had gone about with deliberate intent to seek impressions and register them. From such artifice Mr. Henry James is not altogether free. At times he is distinctly laborious, and there are occasions when he

cannot escape the charge of gaining his effects merely by cheap and unworthy means. But these lapses though apparent are rare—more apparent, indeed, on account of their rarity—and it is impossible to resist the engaging enthusiasm, the fine freshness of mind which he brings to bear on the variety of topics and places about which he chatters in the fugitive papers bound up in this volume. He is so genuinely interested in all he has seen. He has a kind of passion for discovery. He sees and can tell us what he has seen, and reading him we look through his eyes and his sympathies are ours. It is, no doubt, somewhat embarrassing for the English reader rejoicing, as he must again and again, in a particular happiness and aptness of phrase shown by the author, as when, for instance, he names S. James's Park "the park of intimacy", to be confronted every now and then by some offending Americanism. The words "genteel" and "elegant" do not now convey to the Englishman the meaning which Mr. Henry James intends, and their recurrence is apt to have a distinctly irritating effect. Nor is it possible quite to forgive the writer who describes "Henry Esmond" as "that incomparable novel", or Hyde Park Corner as "the beating heart of the great West End".

The best chapters in the book, those which give the most vivid impression of being alive and spontaneous, are upon London. Mr. Henry James loves London. He has for it a magnificent enthusiasm. In his book "The Soul of London" Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer attempted to analyse and lay bare the complex spirit of its peoples. Mr. Henry James in much briefer compass seems constantly to have caught glimpses of the real spirit that lies behind the vain show of things. He is tolerant even of our atmosphere—that wonderful London fog which Mr. Whistler may be said to have "invented" so far as the average Londoner is concerned. Mr. Henry James writes of "this atmosphere with its magnificent mystification which, flatters and superfinely, makes everything brown, rich, dim, vague, magnifies distances and minimises details, confirms the experience of vastness by suggestions that, as the great city makes everything, it makes its own system of weather and its own optical laws" . . .

And again—"We are far from liking London well enough till we like its defects: the dense darkness of much of its winter, the soot on the chimney-pots and everywhere else, the early lamplight, the brown blue of the houses, the splashing of hansoms in Oxford Street or the Strand on December afternoons." Here is sentiment that will appeal at once straight to the heart of the lover of London.

In like vein, though not always with the same genuine enthusiasm, Mr. Henry James writes of Chester, of Lichfield, and Warwick, of Old Suffolk and of Rye and Winchelsea. While he misses none of the broad features which strike at once the eye of the most casual visitor, he is on the alert ever for little intimate details which give vital character and expression to places and buildings for those who have eyes to see. This reprint of a noteworthy series of papers is enriched by the illustrations of Mr. Joseph Pennell. The artist does not merely illustrate the text. He illuminates it at all points.

#### NOVELS.

"Display." By R. E. S. Spender. London: Lane. 1905. 6s.

"Display" is apparently intended as an essay in the manner of Thomas Love Peacock, but we cannot congratulate the author on his experiment. Peacock's works had qualities other than the absence of a rational story, whereas none of Mr. Spender's characters gives the impression of life. The book seems to be in part a satire on the methods of the cheaper press, but the inherent difficulty in making such satire effective is that it is quite impossible to travesty or caricature the newspapers in question: the reality is so extravagant that one cannot get beyond it. There is really no reason why any paragraph, however mendacious or absurd, that anyone could invent by way of parody, should not have been printed seriously by these oracles

of the uneducated. Mr. Spender imagines an editor at a loss for a sensation, arranging that his special correspondent should discover in the heart of Africa a survival or imitation of More's "Utopia". An expedition of learned men is sent off to investigate, and their experiences seem to be suggested by the recent adventures of the British Association in Africa. The book stands or falls by its dialogue, and we do not find this amusing. A number of persons who are labelled as very clever discuss all kinds of subjects. But the discussions are not real. Possibly we have all become so like each other in these days that the sharp contrast between Peacock's pessimists and optimists, his political economists and classical scholars, can no longer be reproduced. Mr. Spender, at any rate, is unable to make his puppets put their views before us convincingly. We cannot imagine what the title means, unless by chance it refers to the author's parade of classical learning. He can quote Æschylus and Martial, thus showing a wide range; but is it author or printer who speaks of "a contest of Titans"? Occasionally a thing is well said, and the presentments of three women—an anti-Ritualist peeress, an editor's wife, and an Imperialist organiser—are amusing if a little obvious.

**"Lieutenant Gullivar Jones: His Vacation." By Edwin L. Arnold. London: Brown Langham. 1905. 6s.**

This is another story of the planet Mars, but the Martians according to the newest authority have none of the uncanny power of Mr. Wells' creations: they are divided into a race of vigorous barbarians and one of effete decadents. Gullivar Jones, an officer of the U.S. Navy, is transported to Mars on a magic carpet, and there he loves and fights boisterously until he finds it necessary to take carpet again for New York. The fact that he disagrees with Dean Swift as to the right spelling of his own name perhaps accounts for his occasional weakness in grammar and orthography (for what American sailor would blunder, as Lieutenant Jones, over the correct style of the Monroe Doctrine?). A kindly Martian hypnotises him into a knowledge of the planetary tongue, but we do not see how the Martians become able to read English. The state of society depicted resembles the conventional picture of the last days of the Roman Empire, but the people of the city of Seth transcend in butterfly-like hedonism mere human beings. One has a feeling that the author would rather like to let himself go in voluptuous descriptions, but he remembers that an Anglo-Saxon sailor must not expatiate on the charms of exotic maidens with the freedom allowed to, let us say, Pierre Loti. The book once begun can be read to the end, but the reader sometimes wonders why he began it.

**"The Sword of Gideon." By J. Bloundelle Burton. London: Cassell. 1905. 6s.**

The dark and stirring times of the war of the Spanish succession form an effective background to this romance. Although Mr. Bloundelle Burton's work does not possess many literary characteristics, his style is vivid and the interest is well sustained. Beville Brocton, the hero, undertakes the perilous task of rescuing his kinsman's ward Sylvia Thorne, who is a prisoner in the hands of the French at Liège. After several hairbreadth escapes he reaches the old city, but here his adventures are by no means at an end. At last, when all seems hopeless and he is a prisoner and condemned to death, Marlborough's forces appear before the city, which falls to their assault and the English are saved.

**"Heimweh." By John Luther Long. London and New York: Macmillan. 1905. 6s.**

We doubt whether the eight short stories comprised in this volume will appeal to cis-Atlantic readers. The best of the bunch, for instance, is designed to illustrate the cruelty inflicted upon an innocent stranger in the land by the methods of American justice, and few of us have any illusions about the police and the magistracy of the greatest country upon earth. Mr. Long's talent, which we recognise as real, consists in the power of presenting slightly absurd people whose lives

take a tragic or pathetic turn, and he seems to be more especially at home with the German-American whom most of us know only through the verses of Hans Breitmann. When Mr. Long is jocose, as in a modified version of the "Flying Dutchman", we find him amazingly tedious. When he tells a love story, his mannerisms repel. When he treats of the pathos of humble lives, he is inclined to overload his story with cloying sentimentality. On the other hand, he has a sense of atmosphere, his point of view is individual, and he is not without that kindly humour which laughs while it sympathises. But he is terribly sentimental.

## BOOKS FOR BOYS.

**"The Adventures of Harry Rochester: a Tale of Marlborough and Eugene"; "Brown of Moukden." By Herbert Strang. Blackie. 6s.**

Two capital stories are these by Mr. Herbert Strang. "The Adventures of Harry Rochester" gives a good idea of the ways and manners of Englishmen and of the methods of warfare in the early part of the eighteenth century. Of course, as in all boys' books, the youthful hero at times occupies somewhat important positions which do not fall to the lot of every recruit officer. The story is however well and easily told and with a sufficient amount of incident and adventure to satisfy the most exacting boy reader. The historical portion dealing with Marlborough's march to the Danube and the battle of Blenheim should form a very fair introduction to the subject for youthful aspirants to military fame, who may in after years seriously study Marlborough's campaigns and the tactics of the "famous victory". It would probably be undesirable in a book of this description to provide maps to unfold and open clear of the text but it would undoubtedly have been of advantage had the maps Mr. Strang gives been inserted at places where they could be more easily referred to and compared with the text by those boys who possess sufficient moral courage and determination to detach themselves momentarily from the thrilling tale in order to master, in some small degree, the military geography of the Low Countries and the dispositions and movements of the troops in the great battle. Such criticism is of course somewhat verging on the counsel of perfection, but Mr. Strang is obviously so keen to make his books of real use to his readers that we think it worth while to call attention to this minor point.

Having in earlier stories given his readers an idea of the Russo-Japanese war from the Japanese side Mr. Strang with an impartiality which becomes the writer of historical fiction shows us something of the conflict from the Russian side. The scene here is in the neighbourhood of the Trans-Siberian railway. Moukden, Vladivostok and places within hail of the line at the time when the Russians were busy attempting to repair the earlier losses of the war are depicted with masterly touches. Mr. Strang has a capacity for easy description of life and locality which would make this book worth reading even though it were a series of sketches rather than a stirring story of incidents in which the hero is an English lad named Brown. It is always a good thing for young readers when interest can be stimulated apart from sensation and Mr. Strang is able to do this to perfection. Excellent as many of the best stories by the best writers for boys are, we feel that he is first of them all. He justifies the early confidence he inspired and much good work may be expected of him in the future.

**"Shoulder Arms!" By G. Manville Fenn. Chambers. 5s.**

**"Trapper Dan." By G. Manville Fenn. Partridge. 5s.**

"Shoulder Arms!" is written in Mr. Fenn's characteristic vein, which is tantamount to saying that it will find many appreciative readers. It deals with turbulent times in India, and has the usual patriotic ring. It might be said that the two central figures are conventional, but in this particular instance the fact only points to the author's handicraft. For the British boy has his own ideas of what a "hero" should be, and expects to find him up to the standard. The eight illustrations by W. H. C. Groome are particularly good, and "Shoulder Arms!" will doubtless rank as one of the most popular presents for the youthful readers of romance.

As will be gathered from the title "Trapper Dan" is a story of Red Indians and life in the backwoods, which takes its readers back to the almost forgotten days of the pioneers of civilisation in the West. Alarms, surprises, fighting, and hairbreadth escapes figure prominently in the adventures of Walter Waring and his dog "Stump", and boys who once start to read the story will find it difficult to put the book down.

**"A Knight of St. John," "A Soldier of Japan." By Captain F. S. Brereton. Blackie. 5s. each.**

In the first of these two volumes Captain Brereton makes an excursion into the past, dealing with the exciting incidents of



the Siege of Malta. The story is well handled throughout, the interest being maintained to the last page. The struggle of the Knights of St. John with the Turks and Algerines provides plenty of stirring incidents by sea and land, all treated in the healthy manner characteristic of Captain Brereton's books for boys. The second volume deals with the Russo-Japanese war, which Valentine Graham witnessed from various points of view, first as a Japanese volunteer, then as a Russian prisoner, then as a member of a band of Hunhuse outlaws, and finally from the coign of vantage of Kuroki's army. There is no monotony about Captain Brereton's work. He puts every hero through sufficient adventures to last an ordinary individual for a lifetime. His efforts are ably seconded by Mr. Rainey in the first book and by Mr. Stanley Wood in the second.

**"The Meteor Flag of England."** By Gordon Stables. Nisbet. 5s.

**"The Sauciest Boy in the Service."** By Gordon Stables. Ward, Lock. 5s.

It is difficult to imagine that even the most wildly imaginative boy will be able to swallow the glaring improbabilities, to say nothing of the impossibilities, of "The Meteor Flag", which describes a great war between Germany, France and Russia on the one hand and Great Britain on the other. The story of the multi-millionaire Douglas Bayes and the beautiful Russian spy, who is supposed to have murdered little Miss Bayes because the millionaire would not lend the spy's spurious husband a million pounds, is to say the least of it a little far-fetched; but it is probable in the extreme compared with the story of the military and naval events which follow. The date of the story, however, is 1980, and extraordinary changes can take place in three-quarters of a century.

"The Sauciest Boy in the Service" also contains a very plethora of melodramatic adventures. The hero, impelled by the glamour of the ocean, runs away from a comfortable home, and henceforward hurricanes, fights, mutinies, cannibals, and hidden treasures simply dog his footsteps. But, though the programme sounds interesting, it is not in the least convincing. Nor do we quite believe in "the sauciest boy in the service" himself, who addresses his father as "dearest and best", and in conversation with his superior officers uses scraps of Latin, a translation of which is thoughtfully furnished in a footnote. The book suffers too from a staccato style, which is so mannered as to be almost a caricature of the earlier works of the same author.

**"Steady and Strong."** Stories told by G. A. Henty and others. Chambers. 5s.

**"A Soldier's Daughter, and other Stories."** By G. A. Henty. Blackie and Son. 2s.

A volume of short stories by such acknowledged favourites as the late G. A. Henty, George Manville Fenn, John Oxenham, Louis Becke, and others, is sure to be appreciated. There are stories of all kinds, stories of adventure, and stories of home life, stories of smugglers and stories of brigands, and it would be difficult for the juvenile reader to find nothing in the book to interest.

If the collection of some of Henty's short stories adds little to its author's reputation, it still shows on every page the sure touch of the practised writer. The most important story in the book deals with the spirited defence of an English fort on the North-West Frontier of India, against a native tribe. In this defence the heroine, "the soldier's daughter" of the title, does her share, her skill with firearms, as well as her quick wit, proving of material assistance to the besieged. And here, as in the rest of the stories, the fighting is real fighting, while the adventures, though thrilling to a degree, read as though they had actually happened.

**"The Crown of Pine: a Story of Corinth and the Isthmian Games."** By the Rev. A. J. Church. Seeley. 5s.

"The Crown of Pine" is learned, very laborious, and instructive. It is also appallingly dull. We should recommend it to young people going in for an exhaustive examination on the Isthmian Games, rather than to those intent on light holiday reading. The story starts with the description of a bread riot, which in the year 50 of our era led to the expulsion of the Jews from Rome. One of the latter and his Roman wife took refuge in Corinth, and it was their kindly aid which enabled a youth named Eubulus, who had entered for the long foot-race at the Games, to continue his course of training for it. Eubulus eventually won the race, but not until his life and liberty had been several times jeopardised by those interested in his defeat. But the author has not been able to invest either the race itself or those taking part in it with any great vitality.

**"The Vinland Champions."** By Otilie Liljencrantz. Ward, Lock. 5s.

Following her successes of last year, the author has again given us an excellent story in "The Vinland Champions". She has struck out an entirely new vein in juvenile literature. Yet, though her Viking boys speak in the tongue, and think

with the thoughts of that far-off age to which they belong, they also possess that touch of nature which makes them kin with boys of any age and any clime. We read how a party of some twenty lads came to that New World colony of which Karlsefne of Iceland was overlord. Karlsefne or as the Northmen called him "the Law-giver" gave them their own holding, with power to choose their own chief, on the understanding that if they accepted the liberties of men they also accepted the responsibilities. Their choice of a chieftain fell on Alrek of Norway, own nephew to the Law-giver himself, who proved worthy of their choice, in spite of the undeserved disgrace he had to live down. In addition to her unerring dramatic instincts, the author possesses an excellent style, at once delicate and robust. She has a fine feeling for that nature world to which the Northmen lived so close.

**"In the Misty Seas: a Story of the Sealers of Behring Strait."** By Harold Bindloss. Partridge. 2s. 6d.

In his new story of the Sealers of Behring Strait, Harold Bindloss is at his best, and that, as all boys know, is saying a good deal. To begin with, he knows exactly what he is writing about, and whether his subject is school-life or sea-life his technicalities are equally correct. His heroes' cruise with the little free-lance sealing-ship is an enforced one, but the contact with the shrewd, straight-dealing skipper and his crew, and the wholesome discipline they have to undergo, has the best possible effect upon them both. An excellent story, alive from start to finish.

**"A King's Comrade."** By Charles W. Whistler. Nelson. 5s.

"A King's Comrade" deals with the adventures of Wilfrid a young Thane of Wessex, who takes service with Ecgbert, and goes with him to the court of Charlemagne. He learns the art of war with the Frankish armies, and subsequently returns to England, with messages from Charles to Ethelbert King of East Anglia. With Ethelbert he goes to the court of Offa King of Mercia. Ethelbert is murdered, and Wilfrid after assisting in the recovery of the unfortunate king's body, is compelled to fly across the border into Wales, where he is assisted by a Welsh Prince to return to Wessex. Apart from its merits as a story the book has a distinct educational value.

**"A Son of the Sea."** By Frank J. Bullen. Nisbet. 6s.

Mr. Bullen's story is one to delight all boys who have a taste for the sea. It is full of exciting adventures, shipwrecks, a treasure hunt, voyages in many seas, and under almost all possible conditions, rescues and hairbreadth escapes, sealing, whaling, all are described without any affectation of style, or that descriptive padding which young people as a rule dislike so heartily. If at times Mr. Bullen pauses to point a moral, we feel sure his readers will forgive him.

**"Maitland Major and Minor."** By Charles Turley. Heinemann. 5s.

"Maitland Major and Minor" is a rather favourable example of the school story. It deals with the adventures of two brothers at a small private school, and should appeal to the class of boy readers for whom it is especially written. There are the usual fights, and the usual cases of bullying, and all the plots and counter-plots of school life as lived in the private school. Mr. Turley understands boys. The book contains six illustrations by Mr. Gordon Browne.

**"The Knight of the Cave."** By W. L. O'Byrne. Blackie. 2s. 6d.

The glimpses of the days of King Stephen which Mr. O'Byrne gives will afford matter of interest to older boys. The scene of the story is laid partly in Ireland and partly in Rome, and the Knight who is shipwrecked on the Irish coast passes through some exciting experiences. Mr. O'Byrne states that the classical and Christian myths with which he deals "have been approached with the feeling that the details in them, however strange, are not inconsistent with a substratum of fact", and he has handled them with some success. Unfortunately the close setting of the type detracts considerably from the pleasure of reading the story.

**"Two Barchester Boys."** By K. M. Eady. London: Partridge. 2s. 6d.

The Malay States have long been a happy hunting-ground for the story-teller in search of adventure. Punch Armistead is a popular boy at school and generally in scrapes. Suspicion falls upon him wrongly of having cheated in an examination, and his cousin who knew how baseless this suspicion was is led by jealousy to keep silence when he might have saved Punch from expulsion. Punch's voyage to and subsequent adventures in the Malay States, and his extrication from perplexing and hazardous situations make exciting reading.

**"The Boys of Badminster."** By Andrew Home. London: Chambers. 5s.

Mr. Home has the happy knack of arousing an expectancy which he never disappoints. His picture of school life is characterised by a "go" which is accentuated by the

improbabilities on which he relies. If the first of the two stories which gives its title to the book proves the more popular there should be no lack of admirers for "A Row in the Sixth", which is a tale of a boy who is led into an act of incendiarism through morbidly dwelling on the supposed unfairness to him of one of the masters of the school.

**"Chums in the Far West."** By Everett McNeil. London: Chambers. 3s. 6d.

A capital story brimful of excitement and adventure. Two lads of the Yahara High School in Southern Wisconsin, who have lived the most manly lives during six months, are rewarded by being chosen to take part with a famous scout and Indian fighter in a hunting trip in the Far West. From the outset thrilling experiences crowd fast upon each other's heels; the reader is almost rushed breathlessly through them. On their journey West the boys show their mettle by taking a manful part in the capture of train robbers; subsequently they escape from Red Indians, discover a treasure chamber, and go through hardships and dangers which only schoolboys could be expected to survive.

**"The Mysterious Mr. Punch."** By G. E. Farrow. London: S.P.C.K. 3s. 6d.

Round Jack Leslie's dream in the train on the way to school Mr. Farrow weaves an amusing story of fun and escapades. It is only when aroused by hearing the words "Rockbridge Junction, All change", that it dawns upon the small boy that the mysterious Mr. Punch who had been so kind to him and the school where he had passed through such curious adventures are merely creations of dreamland. "The Mysterious Mr. Punch" should find plenty of appreciative readers.

**"In Wild Maratha Battle."** By Michael Macmillan. London: Blackie. 2s. 6d.

Though Mr. Macmillan is at home in the atmosphere of India, he is hardly at his best in this tale of the days of Shivaji. The interest of the story revolves round one Nettaji, a young Hindu, whose sister is abducted by a party of Mahometans whilst on her marriage procession. In the account of Nettaji's subsequent fights with the followers of the Great Mogul and of his various adventures Mr. Macmillan seems to us just to have missed that air of reality which convinces.

**"In Northern Seas."** 3s. 6d. **"Smouldering Fires."** 5s. By E. Everett-Green. London: Nelson.

An attractive picture of winter in the North with its romance and perils is Miss Everett-Green's first volume. Dracone, a Venetian youth, tired of the tameness of the tideless sea and of the lagoons, craves for a glimpse of the bold Northern lands. In Duncan Cameron, a young Scottish sailor, he finds a companion after his heart with whom he sails for the North on one of his father's ships. They meet with stirring adventures. The book is illustrated by some effective though rather highly coloured pictures.

The attraction of "Smouldering Fires" lies rather in the descriptions of the horrors of the eruption of Mont Pelée in Martinique in the summer of 1902 than in the somewhat slender story of the family feud which existed between the principal actors. For the well-drawn pictures of the devastation wrought in S. Pierre and for the bulk of the facts which form the groundwork of her story Miss Everett-Green acknowledges her indebtedness to M. Angelo Heilprin's book "Mont Pelée and the Tragedy of Martinique". The tragedy is eminently one which lends itself to treatment.

**"The Adventures of Don Quixote."** Translated and Abridged by Dominick Daly. Black. 6s.

Mr. Dominick Daly has given us a very pleasant version of the immortal adventures, and has abridged with such success generally that we regret he did not omit the story of "The Big Woman and the Little Man". We presume of course that the book is intended for children; and in that case, if the child does not understand the story, it is pointless; if the child does understand it, then it is highly objectionable. The coloured illustrations by Mr. Stephen Baghot De La Bere are excellent.

#### BOOKS FOR GIRLS.

There is wonderfully little alteration from year to year in the books written specially for girls. The annual output is uniformly large and commonplace. Perhaps this year's supply is just a shade better in quality than that of last year. The chief credit which the authors may claim is that they seldom repeat themselves though they may repeat others. But there is little improvement in the style in which they invariably express their views or present their characters. It is only rarely that a writer above the average is met with. One whose fastidious taste may be depended upon is Mrs. Edith E. Cowper.—Her story "The Haunted Mill on Birley River" (S.P.C.K., 2s. 6d.) has a freshness in the dialogue, characters

and general treatment that marks it out from the ruck. Mrs. Foy is a capital portrait, and Nurse Dalison a fine, healthy, merry order of heroine, neither grim nor sickly in her strength and her weakness. Mrs. Cowper has done good work before and this "story of a South Coast creek" will do much to advance her popularity.

Mrs. L. T. Meade is too prolific a writer for the good either of herself or of her readers. She has one type of maiden—farouche, with a bewildering fascination and a garish taste—whom she persists in presenting. This improbable damsel can hardly strike her as ideal. In "Wilful Cousin Kate" (Chambers, 5s.), there is very little indeed to commend. The story of the two young cousins and their respective mothers has somehow not much reality or life: the types are too strongly accentuated and too familiar: but there is a certain interest in the incidents.—"Dumps", by the same author (Chambers, 3s. 6d.), tells the story of a dear little girl, afflicted but not crushed by plainness of face. The tale of her friends of both sexes and her cheerful little life will command sympathy.—A third book by Mrs. Meade, "A Bovy of Girls" (Chambers, 6s.), is perhaps the best of her efforts this year.

"A Daughter of the Ranges", by Bessie Marchant (Blackie, 3s. 6d.), is a story written for any age of girl over thirteen. Caryl Mason is a fine, plucky creature, who manages a great farm and has adventures. The idea of her family enemy and his identity with the father of her dearest friend is not very convincing. Still, to build a plot that shall have no coincidences to help it along is a work of apparently insurmountable difficulty to most story-spinners: and, after all, coincidences do happen.—"The Mysterious City", by Bessie Marchant (S.P.C.K.), is a small and unambitious book, telling of the Congo and the ways of its people, with enough wildness and adventure to interest the more boyishly inclined among girls.

"The Ghost of Exlea Priory", by E. L. Haverfield (Nelson, 5s.), without having any particularly striking qualities to differentiate it from the ordinary girls' school stories, is a pleasant, brightly-written tale. And if the happenings in the mimic school world are taken very seriously one must always remember that the perspective of the little readers for whom books of this class are written is quite different from that of the grown-ups. The heroine of the present story has many trials to undergo, but happily the laying of the ghost, which we can assure parents and guardians is a very mild affair, sets all things right.

"Love's Golden Thread", by Edith C. Kenyon (Partridge, 2s. 6d.), is of the innocuous novel order. It means excessively well: but there is an irritating machine-made air about it which is fatal to effectiveness. The scene, for instance, where Doris overhears her father's confession could not be more feeble. A sound moral tone will recommend the book to a large class of parents, who think perhaps more of what young girls ought to like than of their actual tastes.

"The Happy-Go-Luckies", by M. H. Cornwall-Legh (Wells Gardner, 3s. 6d.), is a tale that children and girls will treasure. The Courthopes are a hugely entertaining family: and if Uncle Bradford has a strong touch of the grumpy "rich uncle" of the fairy tales, he is entertaining as well.

"His Most Dear Lady", by Beatrice Marshall (Seeley, 5s.), tells of that lady of whom Jonson wrote:

"Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother,  
Death! ere thou hast slain another  
Wise and fair and good as she,  
Time shall throw a dart at thee."

The book is very well written, and shows no mere hasty "getting-up" of the subject, but knowledge and research.

"The Girls of St. Gabriel's", by May Baldwin (Chambers, 3s. 6d.), makes a determined hit at insularity in young folks. The boy and girl who go to France, set upon despising and conquering everyone and everything that they meet there, get an amusing lesson which will do ultra-British young readers no harm at all to get at second-hand.

"Crab Cottage", by Raymond Jacobsen (Chambers, 3s. 6d.), is the story of a heavily burdened young woman who has to be head of her motherless family and of a busy poultry farm and dairy, and is in danger of hardening a little over the many irritations of the life. Perhaps the principal figure in the book is her younger sister, a lovable but distinctly aggravating young person who cannot be relied on to shut a gate behind her when there are destructive hens and chickens on the other side. Readers of Jenny's own age will rejoice with her when she emerges from the ugly-duckling stage and marries her eligible suitor. It is wholesome without priggishness.—"How Things went Wrong", by the same author (Wells Gardner, 2s. 6d.), has a charming little tomboy girl for its subject. The hayfield



scene on the cover does not show the hero as a "tall boy of sixteen" but as a dumpy one of twelve: and children are very quick at detecting that kind of discrepancy.

"The Old Moat Farm", by Eliza F. Pollard (Blackie, 2s. 6d.), is, like all the author's books, interesting. Miss Pollard has a long tale of good stories to her name, if judged by the standard of "girls' literature, and this last one is as good as any. The story is of Elizabeth's "spacious times". It has vividness and a striking lack of anachronisms, and the illustrations are particularly charming.

"Molly and her Brothers: showing how they Made their Fortunes in Boulder Gulch", by Mabel Earle (Blackie, 2s. 6d.), is described by its own title. Molly is a girl who deserved any number of fortunes. There is fire in the plot and adventure generally, and it is not too startlingly improbable.

#### FAIRY TALES, WONDER BOOKS, AND OTHERS.

"The Red Book of Romance", edited by Andrew Lang (Longmans, 6s.), is, Mr. Lang explains in the preface, the work of Mrs. Lang. What are romances? asks Mr. Lang. His answer is that "They are grown-up people's fairy-tales or story-books, but they are the kind of story-books that grown-up people read long ago, when there were castles and knights and tournaments, and the chief business of gentlemen was to ride about in full armour, fighting, while ladies sat at home doing embroidery work, or going to see the men tilt at tournaments just as they go to see cricket matches now". The stories this year have been taken from French, Icelandic, Italian, Spanish and Danish sources. Mr. Lang hopes—and we have no doubt in many cases his hopes will be justified by the event—that some of the "knights and ladies and dwarfs and giants" may induce boys and girls to imitate Sir Walter Scott, who read the old romances and said: "Heaven only knows how glad I was to find myself in such company". Mr. Lang adds: "If you like that kind of company then read 'Ivanhoe' " for that is the best romance in the world". Mr. H. J. Ford supplies the usual number of excellent illustrations, eight of them in colours.

"Rip Van Winkle." With drawings by Arthur Rackham. Heinemann. 18s. It is difficult to understand for whose pleasure this latest edition of "Rip Van Winkle" is designed. It cannot be taken seriously as an "art book", the drawings are not sufficiently good, while at the same time it is too sumptuous a production to be put into the hands of an ordinary child. It must, we suppose, be intended for uncritical "grown-ups". The pictures, which form the bulk of the book, are handsomely coloured, and full of elaborate detail and extravagant action, gnomes and imps and spirits and queer creatures abound, there is a great display of imagination and ingenuity, but there is nothing masterly either in the design or execution. The drawing is weak, the lines are faltering and meaningless, the figures are ill-posed, and for the most part appear to be treading on air, even the very trees are wavering and uncertain. Many of the illustrations are clever, weird and attractive, but none are first-rate, or equal in distinction to Washington Irving's famous story.

"Mr. Punch's Children's Book", edited by E. V. Lucas and illustrated by Olga Morgan ("Punch" Office), may be taken as Mr. Punch's Christmas condescension. It is full of delightful fancy, beginning

"If Christmas were a country  
The Cook its queen would be,  
The Parcel Postman premier  
Or other high degree;  
And fairly proud positions  
(Though far below the Cook)  
Would fall to all who wrote and drew  
To make a Children's Book."

Messrs. Ward, Lock's "Wonder Book" is a "picture annual for boys and girls", edited by Harry Golding. It is intended for the autocrats of the empire of dolls, and to these will be full of the most primitive of joys. "The Golden Goose Book" is one of Leslie Brooke's charming children's volumes (Warne, 5s.). It includes "The Three Bears", "The Three Little Pigs" and "Tom Thumb", all newly rendered.

No lover of birds—and the child who is not a bird lover has probably yet to be born—will be able to resist "A Book of Baby Birds" (Chambers, 3s. 6d.), verses by B. Parker, illustrations by N. Parker. The cover is a quaint fancy which alone will commend the contents. From the chicken to the baby owl various sorts and conditions of birds are represented poetically and pictorially as only keen observers of bird-life could present them outside a serious work on natural history.

"Buster Brown Abroad." By E. F. Outcault. (Chambers. 2s. 6d. net.)—Equally amusing as author and artist is the discoverer

(Continued on page x).

## NELSON'S Newest Gift Books.

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By GERALDINE MOCKLER.

### The Heiress of Aylewood.

A story that will captivate girls. Six Coloured Illustrations by Miss N. TENISON.

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The brilliant colours of Spanish life in the picturesque days of Ferdinand and Isabella form the background to an enthralling story of adventures with the warlike Moors. Four Coloured Illustrations.

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A title that will whet the imagination of a boy, and lead him to expect a thrilling tale of "red rebellion" outlawry, and wild adventure, in none of which particulars Mr. Bevan's story will disappoint him. Two Coloured Illustrations by WALTER GRIEVE.

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of that remarkable youngster Buster Brown. It was perhaps a dangerous experiment to take the imp abroad, but impish possibilities are the juvenile book-maker's opportunity and Mr. Outcault makes the most of his. Buster Brown was always up to his tricks, always ready to spring a surprise upon those in charge. But we are reassured by the resolution he adopts to this effect: "I will be kind to Europe while I am there and not play a joke on any of the Crowned heads. The doctor says I need rest and variety." On his return he was able to say he had had "a good time" and the small people into whose hands his reminiscences fall will probably be able to say the same thing.

"Kingdoms Curious" (Heinemann, 5s.) is the title of Miss Myra Hamilton's new fairy-book. She has many of the qualities necessary for the writing of fairy-tales, inventiveness, simplicity of style, a sense of humour, and of the picturesque. Her method of construction has improved, and her work is less amateurish. Her stories are quaint and ingenious, with a pleasant moral attached to each, and are well illustrated.

The author of "Blots and Titters," Aug. J. Ferreira (Greening, 3s. 6d.) is not wholly successful in her attempt at fairy-tale work. Her (or his) style lacks charm, and the humour is strained.

A quaint, pretty and inexpensive book for young children is "Mr. Ubbledjubb" (Nutt, 2s.), by A. Thorburn. It is simply and brightly written and well illustrated.

"Willy-Wind and Jock and the Cheeses" (Black, 7s. 6d.) is but a meagre book by the Duchess of Buckingham and Chandos, containing two amusing but very short stories, lavishly illustrated, suitable for quite young children.

An artistic edition of "Hans Andersen's Tales" is published by George Allen (3s.). The paper is very thin, so that 800 pages are compressed into quite a small volume. The illustrations are of the Morrisian or Burne-Jones type in black and white by Gaskin.

An edition of Grimm's delightful "Gammer Grethel's Tales," illustrated by Cruikshank in his queer humorous way, is published by the De la More Press (5s.), with an introduction by Laurence Housman, who points out the merits of Cruikshank's pictures "honestly and unaffectedly at one with the spirit which brought fairy tales to light".

Another warm defence of the fairy-tale, and its extraordinary value in the nourishment of the childish mind, is to be found in Mr. Mabie's preface to his selection of "Fairy Tales Every Child Should Know" (Heinemann, 5s.), "gathered from the rich literature of the childhood of the world". Here we find "Aladdin" and "Snow-white" and "Goldie-locks" and "Cinderella" and all the classic tales which are immortal—together with one or two less well-known stories. They are rather stiffly told and frequently the style is too difficult and elaborate to be easily understood by children. There is a frontispiece but no illustrations.

"Old-Fashioned Tales." Selected by E. V. Lucas. Wells Gardner, 6s. In the somewhat lengthy introduction to this volume of stories the editor advances many reasons why such tales should be appreciated by modern children. We are not sure however, that the reasons are sound. Fashions have changed in the nursery as elsewhere, and the attempted resuscitation of the old-fashioned didactic story seems at best a doubtful experiment. The editor however has been quite frank with the public, and it may be said that the tales chosen are all favourable specimens of that class of children's story of which "Sandford and Merton" is perhaps the most striking example. The book is appropriately illustrated and tastefully bound.

"The Sparrow with One White Feather" (Smith, Elder, 6s.) is a rather pretty tale, with one or two original ideas in it—though it follows the usual lines of a little girl's journey into fairyland. The illustrations by Mrs. Adrian Hope are pretty in a feeble amateurish way.

"The Wallypug in the Moon" (Pearson, 5s.) is as entertaining as Mr. Farrow's previous "Wallypug" books, full of the usual topsy-turvy reasonings, and queer adventures, and quaint dreamlike transference of ordinary real experiences into the realms of nightmare and fantasy. It is effectively and amusingly illustrated by Mr. Alan Wright, and sure to be a most popular gift-book.

"The Adventures of Punch," by Ascott R. Hope (Black, 5s.), is a burlesque, wild and improbable to an extent which children may resent, as they require a fairy-tale to observe its own laws of consistency and reality. It is in parts rather vulgarly colloquial, and at times the satire is beyond the experience of children. The pictures by S. Baghot de la Bere are the most highly coloured we have ever seen, all vivid blues and purples and reds and greens—but well-drawn and effectively grotesque.

A completely satisfactory and delightful book is "Oswald Bastable and Others," by E. Nesbit (Wells Gardner, 6s.). A collection of tales of adventure, and fairy-stories told with

the inimitable charm of manner and humour which distinguish all Mrs. Nesbit's work. It will make an admirable present for either boys or girls.

"Lilliput Revels and Innocents' Island" (Lane, 6s.) is a republication of some little fairy plays and poems by W. B. Rands which appeared thirty years ago in "Good Words for the Young". Only a few of these tiny poetic dramas would be convenient for representation, but all are delicate, imaginative, and graceful little pieces and well worthy of revival. The drawings are feeble imitations of the Beardsley manner in black and white, grotesque fat shapeless children with frocks all over Tudor roses and other conventional designs running riot.

"That Little Limb," by May Baldwin (Chambers, 2s.), is rather a disappointing book. We are more inclined to sympathise with the cross old canon and the nurse than with "Gwennie", who, in spite of the author's evident partiality for her, strikes us as an extremely tiresome and uncomfortable child. However her pranks and ingenuities may amuse children, though probably her kind of naughtiness will seem as unreasonable to them as it does to us.

"The Little Black Princess," by Jeannie Gunn (De la More Press, 5s.), owes a great deal of its success to its fresh and unhackneyed setting. It is unusually well written, and the descriptions of Bett-Bett and Goggle-eye and the other "black-fellows" of the Australian bush, are full of humour and a rare appreciation of character. The photographs of native scenes and objects are admirable, and add greatly to the interest of a story which "grown-ups" need not disdain, and which intelligent boys and girls are sure to enjoy.

"Three Little Conspirators," by Helen Beaumont (Wells Gardner, 1s. 6d.), is quite an interesting little book. The scenes in Hong-Kong give it distinction and an air of strangeness.

"Peterkins" (Lane, 3s. 6d.) is an excellent translation by Mrs. John Lane of "Peterl" Ossip Schubin's popular story of a little spitz dog, and will we are sure have as great a success as its German original, and delight all dog-lovers. "Peterkins" is such a dear, natural, friendly, loyal little animal, and his story so charmingly told.

"Sir Toady Crusoe," by S. E. Crockett (Wells Gardner, 6s.) is superior to the ordinary story for children, in its style, humour, characterisation and atmosphere. And yet Mr. Crockett's tale is not altogether satisfactory, there is too large an admixture of grown-up sentiment in it, and Hugh John's brain-fever and love affair are most tiresome. Sir Toady is too self-consciously and intentionally engaging to be really attractive, and we are inclined to wonder at the invariable success which attends his interference in the concerns of his elders. The book is lavishly illustrated by Mr. Gordon Browne, and the admirers of "Toady Lion" will probably delight in this continuation of his adventures, though the title suggests something much more exciting and dangerous than anything that happens to Sir Toady Crusoe, this year at any rate.

"Micky" (Macmillan, 4s. 6d.) is the story of an altogether lovable and real little boy. Miss Evelyn Sharp's picture of a sensitive, imaginative child is most delicately and tenderly drawn, and the other children Tristram and Betty are delightful sketches of genuine child-nature.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

"Trafalgar Refought." By Sir W. Laird Clowes and Alan H. Burgoyne. Nelson. 6s.

"The Nelson Navy Book." By J. Cuthbert Hadden. Blackie. 6s.

Nelson's year was certain to suggest many possibilities to the providers of books for boys. These two volumes would be useful to lads anxious to know something more about the navy as it was and as it is than can be gleaned from the ordinary story of naval adventure. Sir William Laird Clowes and Mr. Alan Burgoyne collaborated in the ingenious idea of presenting Trafalgar as it would be fought under the conditions of steam and iron. There is a good deal of the technique of the navy in the book but the story is not wanting in interest and excitement, though it has clearly been the main object of the writers to picture the strategic and fighting probabilities of the struggle rather than to evolve adventures for adventures' sake. The book will be read by many besides young people. In these days of the entente cordiale the idea of a war with France happily for us as nations, but unfortunately for the atmosphere of the story, strikes an incongruous note.

Mr. Cuthbert Hadden's aim is to tell the story of the British navy from its beginning down to the present day. This he does with admirable force and simplicity. Not only will the record appeal to every British boy—and we hope every British girl too—but it conveys a vivid idea of the significance of sea power. As Mr. Hadden truly says, in the absence of the

(Continued on page xii.)



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The author has produced a book which is evidently a labour of love and he is so modest in his claims that we feel nothing but kindness for him, though it is really rather encroaching upon the good nature of the public to inflict upon them yet another illustrated work on Normandy. We can imagine that the record of similar productions must fill already a goodly space in the British Museum Catalogue. There is indeed no district in the world where so much superb architecture can be found in anything like the same space. Mr. Home knows something of architecture and describes with feeling and taste. His uncoloured sketches are often excellent and recall most accurately the buildings they represent. We regret that he has thought fit to descend to colour. There is a picture of Ouistreham, the quaint little watering place near the spot where the Conqueror embarked for England, which is grotesquely ugly. If he had only given us a pen-and-ink drawing of that most striking church with its Norman ornament we should have been grateful. As for the landscapes his arrangement is generally good but the colours as they appear here are repulsive. What can we say more when the artist only "ventures to hope that the illustrations of this book (so far as the reproductions are successful as a means of reviving memories) may not be ineffectual" than that probably the original pictures are delightful?

"In Further Ardenne." By the Rev. T. H. Passmore. London. Dent. 1905. 7s. 6d. net.

We have a great sympathy for travellers who select one particular and little frequented region of Europe and return to it again and again. There are many such but they are apt to become bores when they get upon their pet diversion. Those who want to write on such matters and do write are occasionally to be commended. We are inclined to think that on the whole Mr. Passmore is one of these, but he might have condensed his raptures into fewer pages. The district he treats of is curiously ignored though all round it lie the tourists' hunting grounds. The Belgian Ardennes are flaunted before our eyes in every station and railway carriage on the Great Eastern system, yet even that district remained but a few years ago extraordinarily primitive and inexpensive. The Grand Duchy of Luxembourg is of wide interest historically from the time of the Romans downwards, and everyone remembers the part it played in the intrigues of Bismarck and Napoleon III.

(Continued on page xvi.)

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perhaps its European importance is by no means exhausted yet. In any case it makes a charming ground for rambling over, but why is the author so angry with Baedeker for only giving it six pages? We admit that the style of that eminent German is somewhat bald, but we prefer it on the whole to Mr. Passmore's, of which the following is a specimen, "To the South the stream, light in love as a flirting bee, straightens the amorous arm it has folded round the village and leaps away with a laugh to woo fresh hamlets with its opal wantonness, but none so sweetly as Clairvaux." We think a style less wanton than Mr. Passmore's and more sweet than Baedeker's would serve the purpose better. There are sixteen good photographs in the book.

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"Perseus" thinks that family relationships may draw the Kaiser to the support of the counter-revolution, and foresees the possibility of a German intervention in Poland and the occupation of St. Petersburg itself which would end in the Tsar's reigning as the Emperor's nominee. European complications would ensue, and William II. and his people "without any conscious purpose of illimitable aggrandisement" would be drawn into adventures ranging from Poland to the Mediterranean. "To prevent the consummation of the political process which would begin with a German occupation of Poland, England, France, and Italy would be compelled to wage a life and death struggle, which might drive Germany out of the Balkans and from the head of the Adriatic, which might secure the independent existence of an enlarged and powerful Hungarian State, which might even restore the integrity of Russia—but which, upon the other hand, might fail in all these aims. . . . A Pan-German Empire formed by the breaking up of Austria-Hungary could afford with safety and advantage to establish the autonomy of a re-united Poland within the politico-economic limits of such a vast Central European Zollverein as even German Socialists see in dreams. These speculations are no stranger than were the facts of the Napoleonic era; and the Russian revolution, like the French, may involve all European mankind in stupendous misfortunes." In another anonymous article in the "Fortnightly" German ambitions are criticised pretty much in the strain familiar in the pages of the "National". Germany's foreign policy is summed up as either friendly to Russia and hostile to England, or friendly to England and hostile to Russia. As she feels confident that Russia is no longer in a position to attack, Germany is regarded as able now to play her favourite game of creating an effective counterpoise against England, and she has an opportunity for furthering her views in Europe at the expense of Holland, Austria-Hungary and France. "Will she make use of it?" The critic does not know. In the "Contemporary" there are three articles on Russian affairs, Mr. W. T. Stead's account of the resurrection of Finland, Mr. B. Pares' description of a peasant meeting, and Dr. E. J. Dillon's usual lengthy contribution. He finds "bodeful signs growing frequent" that "the uprising of the Russian nation, with its accompaniment of blind rage, mass massacres and wild terror, is drawing near"—a tragedy which "might perhaps be averted by a strong Government supported by the chief Liberal parties". Neither the "Monthly" nor the "Independent" has an article on Russia. The "Independent" is indeed a domestic number, its principal features being Mr. C. P. Trevelyan's pious hope that a Liberal majority and a Liberal Ministry may in a couple of years restore the House of Commons to its old power and credit, and Mr. H. G. Wells' characteristic essay on the Misery of Boots. In the "Monthly Review" Sir Harry Johnston speculates on the latent possibilities in the Anglo-French Agreement, and Sir Charles Dilke, dealing with the British

(Continued on page xviii.)

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#### LITERARY NOTES.

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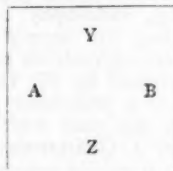
being able to discard his singleton, and it will not melt away into thin air.

By leading out his ace, the third player not only parts voluntarily with a certain card of re-entry, but he also runs a considerable risk of clearing the suit for his adversary, the dealer. A hand which afforded a striking illustration of this danger occurred quite recently at a London bridge club.

The four hands were as follows :—

Hearts—Queen, 8.  
Diamonds—Ace, queen.  
Clubs—Queen, knave, 10, 5, 2.  
Spades—King, 7, 4, 3.

Hearts—Knave, 6, 2.  
Diamonds—8, 5.  
Clubs—King, 6, 4.  
Spades—Queen, knave,  
10, 8, 2.



Hearts—Ace, king,  
10, 9, 3.  
Diamonds—Knave,  
9, 7, 4.  
Clubs—9, 7, 3.  
Spades—6.

Hearts—7, 5, 4.  
Diamonds—King, 10, 6, 3, 2.  
Clubs—Ace, 8.  
Spades—Ace, 9, 5.

The score was one game all, and A B 12, Y Z 24. A dealt and left it to B, who declared hearts. Y led the queen of clubs, which Z won with the ace. Instead of returning the 8 of clubs, Z first led out the ace of spades, saying, as he did so, "We will secure that trick while there is yet time". He did secure it, but by so doing he gave away two tricks and lost the game and rubber.

He then led the 8 of clubs, which he should have done at first, and the dealer won the trick with the king. The dealer could now see that there was a possibility of winning the game, if the queen of trumps was singly guarded, so he went boldly for it and it came off. He first led the queen of spades, which Y was obliged to cover with his king, then led out the ace and king of trumps from dummy, and, the queen falling, he was able to put his own hand in again with the knave of trumps, and to make three tricks in spades, thus winning three by cards, the game and rubber.

If the ace of spades had not been led out, the utmost that the dealer could hope for, even at double dummy, would have been to win the odd trick, and even that was by no means a certainty. In this case there was not the remotest possibility of B being able to discard his single spade, as Y had shown the club suit, and Z himself had the diamonds, therefore there was no danger, and Z could stop the spade suit at any time.

The man who made this faux pas was no beginner at the game, but a player of many years' experience, who fancies himself and his own methods considerably, and is rather fond of laying down the law to others. When the hand was over and the game lost, he remarked that it was a most unlucky lead, but there was no element of luck about it at all. It was sheer bad play, and nothing else.

When the third player returns his partner's lead he should observe the old whist rule of returning the higher of two remaining, or the lowest of three, unless he has the best card of the suit, in which case he should always lead that. In the No Trump game it is sometimes advisable to give away one trick in a suit in the hope of being able to make two or three tricks later on, but this must never be done against a strong suit declaration, as there is too great a danger of one's winning cards being trumped on the second or third round, and of never making them at all. Every certain trick is now of vital importance, and should be made sure of without loss of time. Nothing is more annoying than to go to bed, as it is called, with one or two winning cards, simply because one would not make them when one had the chance.

One of the most important, and at the same time one of the most difficult, points in the play at bridge is to be able to extract the greatest value out of a hand against a strong suit declaration. There are many players who can be trusted to extract the full value out of the two hands when they have the deal, but the players who can defend a hand really well, especially

against a suit declaration, are few and far between. This is where the best American players are so much in front of our best English players. They can defend a hand very much better. Against a No Trump call the play is easier, as the opening leads are clearly defined and well known, and the attack is usually continued on the opening lines, but against a suit declaration a great deal depends upon the intelligence of the third player. The leading principles for him to go upon are, to give his partner every opportunity of making a ruff, to force the strong hand as often as possible, to lead through strength and up to weakness, and, above all, always to make sure of saving the game as early in the hand as he can, before he allows himself to think about subsequent possibilities.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### GERMANY AND THE PEACE OF EUROPE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Eisenach, 4 December, 1905.

SIR,—“The military party was keen to find a pretext for striking a further blow” at France; “Bismarck . . . took effectual steps to secure the intervention both of Russia and Great Britain, and the plot was defeated at its inception”. So you state in reference to the affair of 1875. This version is well known.

I still prefer to leave it to an Englishman, like Mr. Sidney Whitman, to deal more deeply with the matter. But granting, for the sake of argument, all you say, I would ask this question: Of what consequence was a set of military men, however highly placed, as compared with Bismarck who, you say, actually defeated the “plot”, and the Emperor who, as everybody admits, was absolutely innocent of it, to say nothing of the people at large? Does anyone suppose that Bismarck would have remained in office to commence a war which he was utterly opposed to? Or that the people would have turned out in their millions to fight for a cause which Bismarck disapproved of and which could never be shown to involve the existence or the honour of the country?

You must forgive me for holding that your own showing does not at all impair Mr. Karl Blind's statement that “to uphold peaceful relations with France has been the constant aim of the German nation and Government”. I remain, Sir, yours faithfully,

C. WICHMANN.

## THE UNEMPLOYED.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Perhaps you will allow a mere woman to thank you for an article that must have gone straight to the hearts of many. While the Press generally have indulged in a mixture of gush and “mush” over the Queen's recent subscription, which is certainly a donum regale in more senses than one, it was indeed refreshing to find such a splendid article in the SATURDAY REVIEW, which, while giving all honour to the Dux femina facti, sets out that for the statesman there are only two solutions to the present unemployed problem: the provision and finding of work, or the work of finding provisions for those who after all are the sons and daughters of the State.

No doubt all our existing institutions are in part to blame. The decay of the apprenticeship system throws a heavier responsibility on the school, which hitherto has been almost scornfully unpractical. We shall have to give up methods that encourage the adaptive, imitative, and receptive faculties, rather than the creative and the put-it-into-practice type of mind. We want an education that will give us doers, workers—an education which will not be shocked, like a nursery governess, if its pupils don't know the date of the Norman Conquest but will be if they can't use their hands or show some originality if they have received a literary education.

But our Poor-law is still more to blame. We apparently take for our guiding principle that the poor as a lump are bad, and we lump them together in consequence. Could anything be more immoral, more short-sighted, more bovine, more brutal? Let us, if we want to do anything, begin by diagnosing, differentiating,

classifying. Let us apply our reform not merely to inside but outside paupers. The wastrels, the unfit, the criminal will never be abolished by present methods. For these gentry we want legislation of the Elizabethan type brought up to date—compulsory enlistment in a vast State army that shall be perpetually engaged in great State enterprises, building harbours, reafforesting barren land, bringing barren land into cultivation. Ways and means for using this army could be provided. These labourers being below the free (trade-union) man should be paid less. We do not want to reduce the wage of existing skilled labourers which is one of our national assets.

But most of all, at the bottom of all, comes the housing problem, on which the SATURDAY has always taken a strong position.

Yours faithfully,  
A MERE WOMAN.

#### THE SCARCITY OF CANDIDATES FOR HOLY ORDERS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—In view of the dearth of suitable candidates for Holy Orders and the inability of men to come forward owing to want of means to defray the expenses of a college education, may I suggest a plan whereby this unfortunate state of affairs can be alleviated? In the Diocese of London we read that appeals have been made for the requisite money for the benefit of a few men who are considered worthy to enter Holy Orders. It would not be necessary to do this, if the following scheme were put into practice. Suitable candidates should be nominated by the vicar of a parish, who should give them experience in laywork. These candidates, whilst pursuing their regular vocations should study at home to qualify for certain examinations. For those who could afford it, there are clergy who would undertake to prepare the students. The exams. should be local, held under the auspices of the Oxford and Cambridge Joint Board.

As an entrance examination, the student should pass the senior local: to this a compulsory theological branch should be added. The higher local would also have an advanced section of a like nature, which should act as the intermediate.

A third examination, purely theological, of a stiffer character, should be held by which the student could gain some degree, conferred by the Oxford and Cambridge Joint Board, which would enable him to take his place with his brother clergy. Then of course, there is the Bishop's exam. to follow.

All these examinations would be conducted at centres, at the discretion of the Oxford and Cambridge Joint Board in agreement with the ecclesiastical authorities, who should fully recognise them. If a candidate really has a vocation for Holy Orders, he will be only too pleased to study and attain the necessary qualifications.

Yours faithfully,  
A LAYWORKER IN S. MARY'S, BURY S. EDMUNDS.

#### "LES MORTS, LES PAUVRES MORTS, ONT DE GRANDES DOULEURS."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—An envelope addressed "Charles Baudelaire, Esq., c/o Elkin Mathews, Esq., Vigo Street, W.", has just reached me, redirected in my name; and, not being in a position to communicate with the gentleman in question, and having lately translated a few of his "Poems in Prose" for Mr. Elkin Mathews' Vigo Cabinet Series, I thought I might venture to open the envelope. I find inside a form of subscription to a press-cutting agency, and the following note, addressed to Charles Baudelaire, Esq.: "Dear Sir, We beg to inquire whether we may supply you with all notices appearing in the press as per enclosed subscription form? Awaiting the favour of your reply." Not being, as I have said, in a position to communicate with M. Baudelaire, I desire to give full publicity to the agency's praiseworthy and businesslike endeavour to do so.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,  
ARTHUR SYMONS.

#### REVIEWS.

##### A GARRULOUS GENERAL.

"A Staff Officer's Scrap-book during the Russo-Japanese War." By Lieut.-General Sir Ian Hamilton, K.C.B. London: Arnold. 1905. 18s. net.

SWIFT once wrote to Stella describing his success in London Society, "Faith! Sir William spoils a fine gentleman!" Surely Lord Roberts spoils a good journalist when he took the young Ian Hamilton under his wing. These pleasant chatty pages about Geishas, war and tea-drinking, philosophy, and experiences in camp display a talent for supplying copy such as veterans in military correspondence might envy. When the War Office swallowed up Sir Ian for a time Fleet Street was deprived of a promising recruit, and many will feel grateful to the rude whirlwind that nearly two years ago sent a Quartermaster-General flying from Pall Mall, since it carried a born journalist to the Far East. Whether it is altogether in character with the profundity of a commander-in-chief to be quite so flippant as our author shows himself, it is not for us to determine. We must take what we can get with due gratitude and are careful not to look the gift-horse in the mouth. Sir Ian will often amuse his readers, he will certainly startle them, and he will occasionally instruct them. So we welcome a very readable volume and add one voice to the chorus of praise which the doings of the Esher committee provoked. But for it the world had wanted some quite pretty bits of word-painting. But a Lieut.-General and a K.C.B. cannot divest himself of his insignia all at once, and the public will look amidst their amusement for some serious views and opinions on modern war from a man so high in his profession. It is questionable whether the flippancy and inaccuracies that may make them laugh will conduce to their reception of serious opinions with the respect to which the writer's position entitles him.

Probably Sir Ian does not care whether they do or not. With that we have no concern, but old-fashioned people may think a man in high position should be careful of his words, and remember that a sense of responsibility should accompany a high position. Sir Ian's eulogy of what he may call patriotism and chivalry, but which it is to be confessed approaches very nearly to militarism, is rather crude and will be sure to be resented by many who have probably devoted more attention to the matter than he seems to have done. He says he is convinced that up-to-date civilisation has no chance against primitive people such as the Boers when armed with modern weapons, who he says were so much more efficient than our men that a Boer was the equal of three British soldiers. The British soldier as he exists to-day can scarcely be regarded as a protagonist of modern culture. If we wish to make our armies representative of the race, we must introduce some form of universal service. Nor can the Boer of actuality be regarded as quite as innocent and primitive as Sir Ian and many another loose writer has painted him. The resources of civilisation in the shape of manipulating the funds of the Stock Exchange, and the machinery of the courts of (so-called) justice in the Transvaal, were instruments familiar to very many of our slim opponents. The purlieus of many a European and American city supplied recruits to these primitive and pious men. What gave us trouble was not so much the primitive cunning or the acquired marksmanship as the fact that all the Boer leaders and most of their fellows knew the country they fought in accurately and were all mounted men. Had Hampshire or Sussex been the arena, and had our men had the advantage of mobility, would the results have been the same? When Sir Ian again runs amok amongst our public and County schools he is rather grotesque than formidable, so much does he overstate his case. The soul of a greengrocer's boy, he tells us, might be fired with martial ardour, which might some day be more useful to his country than the three R's. Martial ardour won't bring the greengrocer's boy bread and butter while he is waiting for his chance on the battlefield, while even there an illiterate man is now almost as useless as one whose soul has not



received martial ardour treatment. Many will forgive him his ecstasies over the Geishas, under whose spell he appears to have very considerably fallen, but where does "childlike innocence" "come in" in this connexion. There is in fact a fatal want of ballast about the book.

We have, no doubt, an excellent description of the battle of the Yalu and of the engagements of the first army prior to Liao-yang. The operations are clearly explained, the criticism of the strategy and tactics displayed is quite worthy of the writer. His comments on the influence of politics on strategy as exemplified at Dundee during the Boer war, and on the Yalu the other day, are excellent. He measures the Japanese leaders accurately, and exposes the shortcomings as well as the merits of their method of conducting war. But he seems to be obsessed by certain ideas which cause him to display inaccuracies and prejudices that will astonish those who gauge a man by the position he holds, or those he has held. There is an instance of this, for example, when the physique of the Japanese men is described. Every one of those that were seen stripped on a certain occasion would, we are told, have earned a competence as a sculptor's model, so magnificent was the display of sinews and thews. The Japanese are sturdy little men no doubt, but sculptors we imagine would prefer taller models when they desire to represent heroic figures. The wiry islanders, however brave and strong, will scarcely displace the types that Greek artists have taught us to associate with Apollo and Ajax. Sir Ian moreover assures us that when he watched his brigade bathing in India he could easily distinguish between the men of the Royal Irish, the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, and the Gordon Highlanders when they were stripped. The Irishmen had the longest legs, the Englishmen were shorter limbed but more sturdy, but the Gordons were the squarest and thickest of all. Now it is notorious that only a proportion of the Gordon Highlanders are Scotsmen, and that in fact there is a difficulty in finding recruits for the distinguished corps referred to from the district where their depôt is situated. Whether the classification Sir Ian made was an accurate one therefore must appear very doubtful, and his assertion strikes us as a somewhat reckless one. To pass to more serious matters, however, it is ominous to hear that the Japanese pay no attention to our military ideas whatever. In spite of our constant little wars, and the great one we brought to an end a few years ago, we have learnt nothing that is worthy of imitation. To be copied by our allies is a high compliment. They seek for the best in Western institutions, and industriously set to work to build up their own on those that are most worthy. Germany supplies the model for their army for the most part, but France is respected and followed also. England as a military power is however treated with contempt in spite of the cordial relationship between us, and the flattering manner in which our navy is placed on a pedestal. That the reverse is the case with our army must be disappointing indeed to those who have been reforming and improving it continuously for many years.

#### LORD GOSCHEN'S FINANCIAL RETROSPECT.

"Essays and Addresses on Economic Questions." By Viscount Goschen. London: Arnold. 1905. 15s. net.

THE preface to this book at any rate is of some value, for in it Lord Goschen administers a smart rebuke to the "practical man" who suspects the studies of the "older Universities". Lord Goschen speaks of the time when he was engaged in his firm in international banking and had the opportunity of studying what are generally considered intricate problems too deep for the ordinary understanding. He says "Gratitude for the training which I received at my old University, whose teaching is too often denounced as unpractical and not qualifying men for the business of life, prompts me to place on record that I have always attributed such ability as I possessed in respect of dissecting complex monetary phenomena into their simple elements, and of presenting them in clear and in-

telligible phraseology, to the various mental processes through which I was put at Oxford. I 'construed' commercial documents; I subjected bills of exchange to logical scrutiny". This training accounts for the lucidity of "The Theory of Foreign Exchanges", and it is evident in the whole series of addresses contained in this volume.

Lord Goschen has brought the questions of which he treats up to the present day by appending notes in which he reviews his former statements of fact and opinion. Much of the interest of the present volume depends on his doing this. Without some such statement connecting financial and industrial discussions of events which cover the ground from 1865 to 1893 it must be confessed that they would not be very illuminating except possibly to experts in the very narrowest sense. The two essays on "Seven per Cent." and "Two per Cent." are reprints from the "Edinburgh Review" of 1865 and 1868 respectively, and relate to the financial events of those years. They discuss the financial and industrial conditions which caused the Bank-rate of the earlier year to stand at seven per cent., whilst in the latter year it stood at two. The chief points dwelt upon are the old subjects of the restrictions of the Bank Act: and the effects of the great extension of the joint-stock system in bringing numerous financial houses into the business of gathering up capital in England for its transmission abroad in the shape of foreign loans. This was the new element which at that time accounted for the dearness of capital at which the traders were so alarmed, and the cause has not operated less efficiently in the interval. The next essay is a speech on "Our Cash Reserves and Central Stock of Gold", delivered in 1891 at a banquet of the Leeds Chamber of Commerce. At this time Lord Goschen was Chancellor of the Exchequer, and two months previously the disastrous Baring crisis had occurred. Lord Goschen then was of the opinion which he still retains that the Bank Act remains a monument of sound financial principle. In the earlier essays mentioned he had discussed and, as he remarks, pointed out the fallacy of arguing that the suspensions of the Act had proved the case against its "cast-iron arrangements". But naturally he desired to avoid the recurrence of such suspensions, and as Chancellor he prepared a scheme for the issue of £1 notes explained by him to the Chamber of Commerce at Leeds, which would have stood in "lieu of the very unsatisfactory expedient offered by the suspension of the Bank Charter Act". However, without any very great regret, he had to abandon the plan, and to be content that he had not called attention to the necessity of larger reserves in vain. He adds that happily since 1891 there has been no occasion for that suspension of the Act for which his plan was intended to be a safe substitute, and the central stock of gold at the Bank has largely increased. His account of the Baring crisis in this connexion will be found interesting. It is curious that the earlier essay of 1867 was written at the time of the great Overend and Gurney catastrophe: and he told his auditors at Leeds that the then recent action of the Bank and of the financial houses of London had saved the country from a peril to which Overend and Gurney would have been child's play. It would have been a catastrophe affecting every town, every industry; and they had only escaped "by the skin of their teeth". The next essay reprinted from the "Edinburgh Review" in 1876 is entitled "The Depreciation of Silver" and it need hardly be explained that it deals with the once burning topic, now superseded by the fiscal controversy, of bi-metallism. With the introduction of the gold standard into India the subject lost its practical importance, but those who are competent to follow the history of the theory of bi-metallism may still read Lord Goschen's disquisition with pleasure.

The essay on "The Condition and Prospects of Trade" delivered as a lecture before the Manchester Chamber of Commerce brings us into a less arid atmosphere. This was in 1885 and Lord Goschen connects it with to-day's interests by remarking in an introduction to it, that "though written twenty years ago the reader may possibly almost fancy as he peruses it, that he has a chapter of the present Fiscal controversy before him". There-

existed a depression as in 1867, and this notwithstanding the fact that money could be borrowed at two per cent. It was under the stress of this time that bi-metallism was so much discussed, and the movement against our nominally free-trade system originated. Lord Goschen analyses the conditions, and we cannot do better than state his conclusions in one respect in his words of to-day. "As the result of my investigations the extreme importance to us of the colonies forced itself upon me at every point. The analysis of our exports showed that while our trade with the great European countries was hanging fire, our transactions with our fellow-subjects beyond the seas were undergoing marvellous developments. If I did not recommend the same measures for pursuing our advantages as the present tariff reformers, I was not less urgent than they in proclaiming on every possible occasion the value of our colonial possessions." And so he claims that "in a modest way" he was "a missionary of empire" who dwelt on the material and moral disaster which would arise from the break-up of the colonial empire; especially from the point of view of the working classes.

In 1885 Lord Goschen, from a study of the Income Tax returns, had concluded that middle-class incomes at the lower level—say £500 a year—had been increasing beyond the rate of such incomes as those, say, of £3,000 a year. This topic under the title of "Increase of Moderate Incomes" was the subject of an address to the Statistical Society in 1887 whilst Lord Goschen was Chancellor of the Exchequer. The subject is extremely technical and as a study in statistical method will be appreciated by statisticians, but Lord Goschen himself remarks that some students of economics would prefer to take his conclusions without troubling about his processes. It will be sufficient to refer to Lord Goschen's revision of his essay and to note that he finds the analysis of the last eighteen years' statistics not only confirms his earlier researches but shows that the process has gone on in an even more pronounced way. Yet even to a trained statistician there are many difficulties in arriving at conclusive results, and he ascribes these to the imperfect preparation of national statistics. There is plenty of material, but it is not presented as intelligently as it might be.

In the last two addresses on "Laissez-Faire and Government Interference" and "Insurance, Voluntary or Compulsory", delivered in 1883 and 1884, it seems sufficient to observe that Lord Goschen expresses opinions of which he is now perhaps the most distinguished representative. In the address on insurance delivered to the Oddfellows' Society he warns them against the compulsory system of Germany as being a step in state socialism which would immensely increase governmental interference with workpeople and end in a tyranny to which he was confident British workmen would never submit. Well, since then the sarcasm that, as he points out, was levelled by Germans against the school of Cobden or the Manchester school, has become quite familiar in England. This was natural in view of increased Governmental interference for objects which could not otherwise have been attained, and of the growth of trade unionism itself, which was repugnant to the economists of the school to which Lord Goschen has always belonged. Nor has he entirely escaped the prevalent influence; though he states that if he were writing again on the same subject he would express himself in the same vein of opinion and sentiment. But in fact he finds that after all the apparent danger from socialistic theories of the distribution of property is not so great as it was twenty years ago. He says: "I do not discover any great increase, any impatient pressure for legislation affecting property as compared with the atmosphere in certain quarters twenty years ago when Mr. George's fascinating and brilliant book 'Progress and Poverty' made much stir on both sides of the Atlantic." Attention has really been diverted to the defects of our industrial and commercial system, and if Lord Goschen is no longer alarmed at attacks on property he should render thanks to such movements as fiscal reform, which seeks to build up and not to pull down.

#### COUNT HATZFELDT'S LETTERS.

"The Hatzfeldt Letters. Letters of Count Paul Hatzfeldt: written from the Headquarters of the King of Prussia, 1870-71." Translated from the French by J. L. Bashford. London: Murray. 1905. 15s. net.

THOSE who knew Count Hatzfeldt in London and recognise the good work he achieved in encouraging good feeling for some years between England and Germany will welcome these letters as the record of an agreeable personality during a stirring period. But the outside public will be disappointed if they expect to learn from them anything new about Bismarckian diplomacy or the events of the Franco-German war. Perhaps there is little more to reveal and the world might well confess itself satiated by now with revelations from that quarter. But when documents of this kind are presented to the public we have a right to anticipate something of wider interest than the narrower circle which is implied by the phrase "for private circulation" can demand. The present volume would have been more wisely addressed to the smaller audience, for Count Hatzfeldt was (as all who knew him would testify) the soul of discretion, a good quality which has informed those who have edited the letters. Such conduct is of course admirable but it destroys the interest of the volume for the public and we have little left here but trivial personal details and mild comments on stirring events. Occasionally we are allowed to catch a glimpse of Bismarck at work or of the Emperor William at a tea-party, but there is an unnecessary amount of detail retained with regard to eating and drinking and the arrival of various dainties and the hours spent over meals. We should be willing to sacrifice much of this gastronomic tittle-tattle for some descriptive accounts equal to Lord Granville's of his interview with M. Thiers in the winter of 1870. The writer's opportunities were many, for he was a member of Bismarck's Foreign Office staff from the opening of the war to the capitulation of Paris and he was present at Sedan and the interview between Napoleon III. and the King of Prussia at Domchéry, at the proclamation of William as Emperor and at the peace negotiations between Thiers, Favre and Bismarck. No doubt he possessed the capacity to write more fully than he did, but this record is singularly bare of many historic incidents. Diplomats to-day are less indifferent to the temptations of the facile pen with much less excuse for their prolix indiscretions.

In spite of this reticence Count Hatzfeldt's story of his experiences only bears out what we had already learned from the publication of the correspondence between the Emperor and his Minister as to the charming amiability of the sovereign and the exacting temper of the servant. There is one little incident here which is singularly illuminating. When on one occasion Hatzfeldt was at tea with the King, Bismarck sent for him to come at once—a demand which might have proved embarrassing indeed for a diplomatist whose interest it was that he should stand equally well with the Court and the head of the service. However, while the King raised no difficulties about it, Bismarck had no real reason for requesting his attendance, and "I suspect" says the writer "that he only wanted to show that he had the right to send for his employés when they were with the King". The comment is probably justified and the incident throws a curious light on the Bismarckian theory as to the relations that should exist between the Crown, the Chancellor and subordinate Ministers. It also helps to explain the difficulties which led the present Emperor to dispense with Bismarck's services on that very ground.

Hatzfeldt was by no means inimical to the French, for he knew them well, having been Second Secretary in Paris from 1862 to 1866, and his knowledge of the language led to the appointment he held during the war. These letters indeed were originally written in French, his wife being an American lady whose parents were not only permanent residents in France but even remained in Paris during the siege. His criticism of the enemy throughout is temperate and restrained, but the lack of tenacity he notes on several occasions

(Continued on page 756.)



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serves to show that the faults no observer can help marking to-day as prevalent among a fascinating race were rampant many years ago. Time has only made clearer the truth of the following words, "You are mistaken about the moral valour of the French in general. They are much easier to rule than any people in the world and they blindly obey a man if he knows how to make himself feared. This explains the efforts made at Paris and in the provinces since September 4th (Sedan). They obey M. Gambetta against their will because he is not a man to trifle with." Hatzfeldt then goes on to point out how this view of the French character is supported by the experience of the Germans in Lorraine where there is a mixed French and German population. The Germans continued their resistance to the end, but the French soon submitted when they found that they had a master who knew his own mind. In connexion with national traits it is amusing to find the Countess Hatzfeldt's father indignantly refusing to pay his share of the contribution levied on the village where he was living "because he was an American", to which the Count very properly replied that being an American would not protect him against taxes anywhere but that having a son-in-law in high office would in this particular instance. Probably an Englishman would have made a similar protest. The idea that they are exempt from the inconveniences incidental to exceptional situations seems innate in the race which loves to call itself Anglo-Saxon. But when the natives of the country wished to escape or diminish such exactions they sent their spiritual chiefs to intercede with the conqueror. We have glimpses here of Cardinal de Bonnechose, Archbishop of Rouen, and the Bishop of Le Mans successfully employing their diplomatic talents in these directions. We cannot commend the gratitude exhibited by the French nation for this and greater material benefits received at the hands of the Church.

For this Week's Books see page 758.



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The Transfer Books of the Company will be Closed from the 10th to the 26th January, 1906, both days inclusive, for the preparation of the Dividend, and the return required under the Companies Act, 1862.

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## THIS WEEK'S BOOKS.

### BIOGRAPHY

- The Life and Letters of John Collingwood Bruce, LL.D., D.C.L., F.S.A. (by his Son the Right Hon. Sir Gainsford Bruce). Blackwood.
- A Patriot's Mistake: being Personal Recollections of the Parnell Family (Emily Monroe Dickinson). Dublin: Hodges, Figgis, 10s. 6d. net.
- Aubrey Beardsley (Arthur Symonds. New Edition Revised and Enlarged). Dent.
- The Letters of Richard Ford 1797-1858 (Edited by Rowland E. Prothero). Murray. 10s. 6d. net.

### FICTION

- Volanda, Maid of Burgundy (Charles Major). Macmillan. 6s.
- Jules of the Great Heart (Lawrence Mott). Heinemann. 6s.
- A Daughter of Thor (Helen Maxwell). Brown, Langham. 6s.
- Different Drummers (Evelyn E. Rynd). "Country Life" Office. 3s. 6d.
- Beaujeu (H. C. Bailey). Murray. 6s.
- The Face of Juliet (L. T. Meade); The Life Elysian (Robert James Lees); A Pretender (Annie Thomas); Cat Tales (W. L. Alden). Long. 6s. each.
- The Purloined Prince (Edgar Turner and Reginald Hodder). Caxton Press. 6s.
- The Haunts of Men (Robert W. Chambers). Unwin. 3s. 6d.

### HISTORY

- Collectanea (Fourth Series. Edited by the Committee of the Society). Oxford: Printed for the Oxford Historical Society.
- Baku: an Eventful History (J. D. Henry). Constable. 12s. 6d. net.
- The Memoirs of Dr. Thomas W. Evans: Recollections of the Second French Empire (Edited by Edward A. Crane. 2 vols.). Unwin. 21s. net.
- A Book for a Rainy Day, or Recollections of the Events of the Years 1766-1833 (John Thomas Smith. Edited by Wilfred Whitten). Methuen. 12s. 6d. net.
- Leaves from the Diary of Henry Greville (Edited by Alice Countess of Strafford). Smith, Elder.
- The Age of Justinian and Theodora: a History of the Sixth Century A.D. (William Gordon Holmes. Vol. I.). Bell. 9s. net.

### LAW

- The Care of Ancient Monuments (G. Baldwin Brown). Cambridge: at the University Press. 7s. 6d. net.
- Smith's Mercantile Law (Eleventh Edition by E. L. de Hart and R. I. Simey. 2 vols.). Stevens and Sons Ltd. £2 2s.
- The Principles of the Administrative Law of the United States (Frank J. Goodnow). Putnams. 12s. 6d. net.

### MUSIC

- The Oxford History of Music, Vol. VI.: The Romantic Period (Edward Dannreuther). Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. 15s. net.
- The Story of Organ Music (C. F. Abdy Williams). Walter Scott. 3s. 6d. net.

### REPRINTS AND TRANSLATIONS

- Shakespeare's Poems and Pericles (Collotype facsimile reproduction, with Introduction by Sidney Lee). Oxford: At the Clarendon Press.
- The Shāhnāma of Firdausi (Done into English by Arthur George Warner and Edmond Warner. Vol. I.). Kegan, Paul. 10s. 6d.
- The Sonnets of Michelangelo Buonarroti (Translated into English Verse by S. Elizabeth Hall). Kegan, Paul. 5s. net.
- The Seven Deadly Sinnes of London (Thomas Dekker); Underwoods (Ben Jonson). Cambridge: At the University Press.

### TRAVEL

- In the Heart of the Canadian Rockies (James Outram). Macmillan. 12s. 6d. net.
- The Source of the Blue Nile (Arthur J. Hayes and E. B. Poulton). Smith, Elder. 10s. 6d. net.
- Queer Things about Sicily (Douglas Sladen and Norma Lorimer). Treherne. 7s. 6d. net.
- The High-Road of Empire: Water-Colour and Pen-and-Ink Sketches in India (A. H. Hallam Murray). Murray. 21s. net.
- Highways and Byways in Oxford and the Cotswolds (Herbert A. Evans). Macmillan. 6s.

### MISCELLANEOUS

- Book of Mortals (Collected by F. A. Steel). Heinemann. 10s. 6d. net.
- Books, The Choice of (Charles F. Richardson). Putnams. 5s. net.
- Collectors' Annual for 1905 (Compiled by George E. East). Stock. 7s. 6d. net.
- Dictionary of Indian Biography (C. E. Buckland). Sonnenschein. 7s. 6d.
- Far East, The Reshaping of the (B. L. Putnam Wente. 2 vols.). Macmillan. 25s. net.
- REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES FOR DECEMBER:—Revue des Deux Mondes, 3fr.; La Revue, 1fr. 50; Mercure de France, 2fr. 25; The Munsey, 6d.; Deutsche Rundschau, 3m.; The Herald of the Cross, 2d.; The Sunday Strand, 6d.; East and West, 1 rupee; The School World, 6d.; The United Service Magazine, 2s.; The Book Monthly, 6d.; The Musical Times, 4d.; Macmillan's Magazine, 6d.; Temple Bar, 1s.; The Empire Review, 1s.; The University Review, 6d.; S. Nicholas, 1s.; Lippincott's, 25c.



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4875	4898	4902	4912	4920	4926	4943	4950	4959	4977
4982	4994	4998	5021	5033	5047	5055	5065	5073	5077
5093	5100	5143	5158	5163	5178	5189	5194	5212	5227
5248	5257	5264	5273	5278	5290	5306	5312	5336	5358
5367	5399	5405	5434	5437	5477	5487	5502	5508	5531
5555	5567	5603	5610	5625	5634	5690	5665	5672	5679
5683	5684	5685	5696	5709	5716	5728	5739	5752	5753
5816	5838	5845	5855	5867	5868	5889	5912	5922	5933
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1434	1436	1438	1483	1488	1508	1512	1531	1532	1573
1611	1626	1637	1656	1659	1685	1686	1690	1698	1704
1719	1732	1741	1743	1750	1780	1787	1788	1820	1834
1881	1867	1875	1893	1925	1944	1971	1978	1981	1996
1997	2004	2019	2028	2038	2041	2043	2052	2062	2065
2070	2090	2099	2101	2105	2111	2123	2128	2130	2139
2170	2175	2176	2197	2201	2203	2222	2224	2232	2239
2277	2311	2330	2338	2345	2362	2373	2385	2425	2476
2477	2490	2518	2521	2542	2551	2574	2604	2608	2611
2613	2624	2631	2646	2668	2671	2718	2719	2721	2726
2728	2739	2747	2754	2768	2780	2782	2803	2808	2824
2827	2831	2856	2896	2913	2948	2956	2968	2979	2990
2991	2996	2998	2999	3000	3068	3072	3080	3082	3096
3097	3113	3120	3123	3138	3168	3172	3179	3185	3217
3226	3233	3236	3246	3256	3284	3292	3294	3296	3310
3320	3337	3361	3367	3374	3382	3394	3397	3399	3415
3419	3448	3429	3436	3476	3481	3489	3537	3546	3575
3579	3590	3591	3621	3628	3635	3657	3678	3686	3700
3742	3750	3760	3763	3777	3785	3808	3812	3813	3833
3839	3845	3864	3867	3873	3874	3883	3917	3920	3921
3926	3953	3966	3982	3997	4007	4044	4050	4052	4054
4059	4073	4083	4089	4092	4098	4101	4103	4107	4108
4114	4121	4122	4137	4147	4150	4185	4189	4208	4210
4211	4214	4236	4237	4240	4243	4261	4353	4369	4383
4386	4422	4438	4444	4451	4464	4466	4469	4484	4486
4498	4500	4503	4504	4510	4539	4543	4548	4550	4552
4571	4591	4604	4614	4619	4655	4670	4671	4673	

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245	278	290	294	302	307	311	328	332	336
342	345	348	355	414	433	441	442	446	447
489	498	502	505	506	514	566	580	585	594
596	609	630	641	669	693	710	715	716	724
758	774	814	822	827	833	835	842	848	854
862	871	876	880	893	911	918	920	937	960
963	965	983	984	995	1003	1005	1033	1034	1035
1070	1075	1095	1096	1120	1121				

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# THE TAQUAH AND ABOSSO GOLD MINING COMPANY (1900), LIMITED.

## REPORT OF THE DIRECTORS,

To be presented at the Annual General Meeting of Shareholders to be held on the 15th December, 1903.

### TAQUAH.

In submitting to the Shareholders their Fourth Annual Report, with the accounts for the year ending 30th June, 1905, the Directors have pleasure in reporting considerable progress during the year.

The Taquah Mine is opening up in a most satisfactory manner, the Abosso Company, in which your Company holds such a large interest, has now entered the productive stage, and the two dredgers of the Ankobra Company are in full operation.

The report of the General Manager and plan of the Taquah Mine as at 31st October, 1905, are appended.

The Shareholders have been regularly kept advised by circular of the progress of development work. The results are of a most satisfactory character, on account both of the width and the value of the reef disclosed. In the four levels the total footage is 1,605 feet, of which 1,395 feet in Nos. 2 and 3 Levels have been assayed to the date of latest advices, and show an average assay value of 1 oz. 2 dwts. 11 grs. per ton of 2,000 lbs. over an average width of 5 feet 0.1 inch. Drilling is now proceeding at the rate of 100 feet per week, which it is expected will shortly be increased. The shaft is about to be sunk deeper to allow of further levels being started.

The General Manager estimates that the tonnage already in sight is 50,360 tons, and that by the time crushing commences the ore available for the mill should be approximately 170,000 tons.

The 10-head Battery taken over from the old Company has been re-erected, and during September and October last returned 578 ozs. of bullion from 695 tons of unsorted rock from development work, the untreated tailings averaging 6.5 dwts. per ton. This result from actual treatment is a noticeable confirmation of the assay figures given above. 445 ozs. bullion have also been obtained from 1,349 tons of old tailings by the Cyanide process.

The policy of the Directors has been to develop the property and assure that ample reserves of ore were available before incurring the heavy expenditure for a large crushing plant. In view of the work now done, supplemented by the milling test above referred to, the time has arrived when, in their opinion, the installation of a permanent plant is warranted, and they are considering, with the General Manager, the plans for a mill of 50 stamps of 1,500 lbs. each, which, it is hoped, will be working on the property before the close of 1906.

In order to provide for the cost and erection of this plant, and for mine development, the Directors have pleasure to announce that they placed last month the balance of 40,980 unissued shares at 30s. per share, less 6d. brokerage. The proceeds of these shares and other financial resources of the Company will now, in the opinion of the Board, be sufficient to bring the mine to a productive condition (if the present estimates are adhered to) without calling further on the shareholders.

### ABOSSO COMPANY.

This Company has made an excellent commencement as a producing mine. Twenty Stamps were started to work on 1st March, and the full mill of 30 stamps on 1st September. During the 4½ months, March to October, 33,000 tons of 2,000 lb. were treated, for a yield of 1,000 oz. bullion, realising £79,621. For the four months ending 30th June an average profit per ton of 13s. 8½d. was made, which was increased in the four succeeding months to an average of 23s. 3½d., and this rate it is hoped will shortly be further increased by a reduction in expenditure, which at first has of necessity been high. The development of the mine is well in advance of the mill requirements, and is being vigorously pushed on, and at 30th June 74,652 tons of an average assay value of 1 oz. 3 dwts. 3 grs. were in sight.

For the information of Shareholders, the Company's Annual Report, with the General Manager's Report, schedules showing the returns and costs, and the mine plans, are appended.

### ANKOBRA COMPANY.

During the year this Company's dredging operations have been retarded by the exceptional lowness of the Ankobra River. From July to October, however, their No. 1 dredger has obtained 698 ounces of gold, valued at £2,836 7s. 1d. The Company's No. 2 dredger has been transported to its destination on the upper section of the river, and commenced to work early in November. With both dredgers working the position of the Company will be much improved.

A certificate of validity has been granted by the Concessions Court for the Ankobra River Concession, and for the Tintinaah Concession.

### GENERAL.

Fuel, labour and other general matters are referred to in the General Manager's Report, and it only remains to the Directors to congratulate the shareholders on the excellent prospects of the Company, and to express their high appreciation of the zeal and energy shown by the Staff at the Mines, and particularly by their General Manager, Mr. Gerhard A. Stockfeld.

Mr. D. H. Baydon resigned the position of Managing Director on the 1st February, 1903, and was appointed Consulting Engineer for 12 months from that date at a fee of £300.

Mr. E. H. Baydon retired from the Board on 8th February, 1903. The vacancy has not been filled up.

Mr. Mark Attenborough and Mr. D. H. Baydon retire under the Articles of Association, and, being eligible, offer themselves for re-election as Directors.

The Auditors, Messrs. Cooper Bros. and Co., retire, and offer themselves for re-election.

By order of the Board.

T. J. FOSTER, Secretary.

13 Austin Friars, London, E.C., 4th December, 1903.

# THE TAQUAH AND ABOSSO GOLD MINING COMPANY (1900) LIMITED.

Incorporated 29th December, 1900.

## BALANCE-SHEET 30th JUNE, 1905.

Dr.		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
To Capital Account—							
Authorized 350,000 Shares of £1 each	..	350,000	0	0			
Issued 308,986 Shares	..				308,986	0	0
Fractional Certificates unconverted	..					34	10
Unissued—							
40,980 Shares							
34 Shares reserved against balance of Fractions unconverted.							
41,014							
Income Bonds issued equivalent to 37,500 shares.							
Loan against Government Securities, per contra	..				£309,020	10	0
Sundry Creditors—					35,375	0	0
In Europe	..				532	10	2
In Africa	..				3,849	6	3
					3,800	5	5
Pills Payable	..				849	12	0
Reserve against realisation of Abosso Gold Mining Co., Ltd., and Ankobra (Taquah and Abosso) Development Syndicate, Ltd., Shares, as per Contra	..				112,333	15	3
					£462,931	5	8

Cr.		£	s.	d.
By Property Account—				
Being cost of Taquah Concession and interest in other Concessions, included in the Agreement with The Ankobra (Taquah and Abosso) Development Syndicate, Limited, and sundry Mining Plant (including £5,000) previously written off in respect of Maintrain Shares	..	100,309	9	6
Taquah Mine Development—				
As per last Balance Sheet, 30th June, 1904	£13,021	0	0	
Mining Work for the year to 30th June, 1905	27,683	8	6	
		35,704	8	8
Machinery, Plant, Buildings, Tramways, Furniture, &c., at cost, including Maintenance to date	..	30,163	0	5
Shares and Debentures in Companies—				
140,000 fully-paid Shares of the Abosso Gold Mining Co., Ltd., at par	..	140,000	0	0
£14,000 Abosso Gold Mining Co., Ltd., 6 per cent. Debenture Stock	..	14,000	0	0
30,000 fully-paid Shares of the Ankobra (Taquah and Abosso) Development Syndicate, Ltd., at par	..	30,000	0	0
Sundry Shares at cost	..	1,250	0	0
		185,250	0	0
Stores and Materials—				
Goods and Timber on hand in Africa and in course of Transport, at cost	..	2,573	2	10
Cash—				
London—				
In Bank	..	4,185	16	0
In hand	..	3	4	7
		4,189	1	4
Africa—				
In Bank	..	31	19	3
Balance of Manager's Cash Account	..	70	3	2
		101	2	5
Government Securities at cost	..			
Sundry Debtors—				
In Europe—				
The Abosso Gold Mining Co., Ltd., Loan, since repaid	..	12,311	16	2
The Ankobra (Taquah and Abosso) Development Syndicate, Ltd., Loan	..	8,733	15	7
Sundries	..	445	14	8
		21,490	6	5
In Africa	..	929	3	6
		22,419	9	11
General Expenditure—				
As per last Balance Sheet, 30th June, 1904	..	22,419	9	6
For year to date—				
Africa—General Expenses including Management, Office Staff, Medical Expenses, Cost of Resistances, Travelling Expenses, Cables, Postages and Incidentals, £4,016 5s. 5d.; Legal Expenses, £335 15s.; Clearing Bush and General Surface Work, £447 2s.; Surveying, £118 2s. 1d.; Rent of Concessions, £68; Amount Unrecovered on Town Allotments sold in year 1902-3, and since forfeited, less Allotments resold, £900; Less Native Town and Ground Rents, accrued to date, &c., and Concessions Rents, 1901-4, written back 760 9 6				
		139	10	6
Europe—Management and General expenses:—Directors' Fees, £1,271 7s. 6d.; Consulting Engineers' Fees, £50; Balance of Managing Director's Fees and Offices and Staff, less Transfer Fees, £1,356 5s.; French Share Tax and Agency Fee, £332 13s. 9d.; Legal Expenses, £18 11s. 10d.; Cables, Postages, Audit Fee, Liverpool and Paris Agencies, Stationery and Printing, and incidental Expenses, £1,010 11s.		4,039	14	2
		9,332	9	8
Less Interest and Dividends 2,600 18 9				
Profit realised on Abosso Shares received in exchange for Debentures	..	3,437	10	0
		6,038	8	9
		3,344	0	4
		25,763	1	10
		£462,931	2	8

C. EUAN SMITH, } Directors.  
MARK ATTENBOROUGH, }  
T. J. FOSTER, Secretary.

In accordance with the provisions of the Companies Act, 1900, we certify that all our requirements as Auditors have been complied with, and we report to the Shareholders that we have audited the above Balance-sheet, with the Books in London, and with Accounts received from West Africa, signed by the General Manager. In our opinion such Balance-sheet is properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of the Company's affairs as shown by the Books of the Company.

COOPER BROTHERS & CO. } Auditors.  
London, 4th December, 1905. } Chartered Accountants.



## GLEN DEEP, LIMITED.

## BALANCE SHEET, 31st JULY, 1905.

Dr.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
To Capital Account— 600,000 Shares of £1 each Share Premium Account— As per Balance Sheet, 31st July, 1904. . . . .				£123,246	5	0	600,000	0	0
Funds transferred from Ap- propriation Account— For Capital Expenditure in excess of Working Capital provided by issue of Shares . . . . .	£123,246	10	4						
For expenditure on Shares—vide contra . . . . .	3,009	16	0						
				126,258	6	4	278,504	11	4
Unclaimed Dividend Ac- count— Unpresented Dividend Warrants—Dividend No. 1 . . . . .	2	3	10						
Unpresented Bearer Share Warrant Coupons—Divi- dend No. 1 . . . . .	2	10	0						
				4	13	10			
Sundry Shareholders— Interim Dividend No. 2 Sundry Creditors— On Account of Wages, Stores, &c. . . . .	22,010	7	7				60,000	0	0
For amount due to Government for Tax on Profits . . . . .	8,326	11	7						
				30,336	19	2			
Balance of Appropriation Account— Unappropriated . . . . .							90,341	13	0
NOTE.—There are further Liabilities on account of Shares subscribed for in other Companies, as under, viz.:— Chamber of Mines Labour Importation Agency, Ltd.— £2 2s. per Share uncalled on 2,090 Shares . . . . .				4,189	0	0			
Co-operative Exchange Yard, Ltd.— £64 per Share uncalled on 31 Shares . . . . .				1,984	0	0			
Rand Mutual Assurance Co., Ltd.— £9 per Share uncalled on 188 Shares . . . . .				1,692	0	0			
Witwatersrand Native Labour Association, Ltd.— £2. per Share uncalled on 428 Shares . . . . .				17	4	0			
				£8,236	4	0			
							£11,015,247	16	10
Cn. By Claim Property— 183,352 Claims bought for 356,000 Shares of £1 each . . . . .				356,000	0	0			
Cash . . . . .	3,451	2	10				359,451	2	10
Shares in other Companies— Chamber of Mines Labour Importation Agency, Ltd.—2,090 £3 Shares sub- scribed for at par, of which 18s. per Share has been paid . . . . .				1,281	0	0			
Co-operative Exchange Yard, Ltd.—31 £80 Shares subscribed for at par, of which £16 per Share has been paid . . . . .				496	0	0			
Rand Mutual Assurance Co., Ltd.—188 £10 Shares (£1 per Share paid up) at cost . . . . .				376	0	0			
Witwatersrand Native Labour Association, Ltd.—528 £1 Shares subscribed for at par, of which 12s. per Share has been paid . . . . .				256	16	0			
							3,009	16	0
Mine Development at cost— No. 1 Shaft, Vertical . . . . .	£27,846	3	10						
No. 11 Shaft, Vertical Development . . . . .	35,233	3	11						
	132,956	10	8						
Machinery and Plant at cost . . . . .	229,287	15	5						
Buildings at cost . . . . .	72,815	14	9						
Reservoirs at cost . . . . .	6,383	12	0						
Tree Planting and Fencing at cost . . . . .	1,320	17	11						
Roads and Surface Improvements at cost . . . . .	179	13	6						
				506,043	12	6			
Stores and Materials— In Stock . . . . .	£8,015	9	5						
In Transit . . . . .	377	8	1						
	9,292	17	6						
Live Stock and Vehicles . . . . .	421	10	0						
Office Furniture . . . . .	243	4	0						
Bearer Share Warrants . . . . .	592	0	2						
				10,556	11	8			
Deposits on Call bearing Interest . . . . .	92,237	7	4						
Cash at Bankers and in hand . . . . .	732	17	4						
Gold Consignment Ac- count . . . . .	14,086	7	0						
				105,056	11	8			
Sundry Debtors and Payments in advance . . . . .	21,130	2	2						
				126,743	5	6			
							£1,015,247	16	10

H. A. READ, Secretary.

L. REYERSBACH, Chairman.  
F. D. P. CHAPLIN, Director.

We have examined the above Balance Sheet, Working Expenditure and Revenue Accounts, and Appropriation Account with the Books, Accounts and Vouchers of the Company, and certify that, in our opinion, the Balance Sheet is full and fair, contains the particulars required by the Articles of Association of the Company, and is properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the whole of the Company's affairs.

HOWARD PIM,

Chartered Accountant,  
C. L. ANDERSSON & CO.,  
Incorporated Accountants,

Auditors.

Johannesburg, 18th September, 1905.

SUPPLEMENTARY EXPENDITURE & REVENUE ACCOUNT  
for the Period from Closing Down of the Mine in  
October 1899 to Re-commencement of Milling on  
5th March, 1902.

Dr.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
To Mine Expenditure— Policing and Care-taking during War Period— Amount of Accounts presented for payment since publication of last Accounts . . . . .						40 0 0
Credit Balance carried to Appropriation Account . . . . .						1,443 16 9
NOTE.—Amount expended for the above period as per accounts dated 31st July, 1904 Less Amounts since recovered, &c., as above . . . . .	87,385	74	8			1,443 16 9
Net expenditure and Eesses to date for above period . . . . .	85,041	17	11			
						£1,483 16 9
Cn. By Mine Expenditure— General Expenses—Amount credited since publication of last Accounts . . . . .				540	0	0
Head Office Expenditure— Interest . . . . .	£150	12	11			
Sundry General Expenses . . . . .	781	13	7			
Net Amounts recovered since publication of last Accounts . . . . .				932	6	6
Deficit in Cash Assets— Gold seized by Government of the late South African Republic— Amount recovered since publication of last Accounts . . . . .				11	10	3
						£1,483 16 9

WORKING EXPENDITURE AND REVENUE ACCOUNT  
for the Year ending 31st July, 1905.

Dr.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
To Mining Expenses— Mining . . . . .	124,602	0	5			
Developing . . . . .	20,384	8	0			
				145,076	8	11
Milling Expenses . . . . .				28,104	11	1
Cyaniding Expenses . . . . .				19,972	5	6
General Expenses—Mine . . . . .				12,225	17	2
General Expenses—Head Office— Salaries, Agency Fees, and Rent . . . . .	3,356	1	1			
Stationery, Printing, Advertising, Postages Telegrams . . . . .	558	12	8			
Directors' and Auditors' Fees . . . . .	2,047	10	0			
Licences . . . . .	927	15	0			
Sundry . . . . .	405	8	2			
	7,335	6	10			
Less Sundry Revenue . . . . .	350	13	9			
				6,978	13	1
Credit Balance on Working for the year carried down . . . . .						212,257 15 9
						£313,084 11 7
Credit Balance carried to Appropriation Account . . . . .						£101,136 6 3
						£101,136 6 3
Cn. By Gold Account . . . . .				£313,084	11	7
				£313,084	11	7
By Balance brought down . . . . .				£100,726	13	10
Interest . . . . .				609	10	5
						£101,136 6 3

## APPROPRIATION ACCOUNT.

Dr.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
To Expended on Shares for Year— Chamber of Mines Labour Importation Agency, Ltd.—For call of 6s. per Share on 2,140 Shares subscribed for Less Proceeds of 50 Shares sold at cost, viz.: 18s. per Share . . . . .				642	0	0
				45	0	0
Witwatersrand Native Labour Association, Ltd.—For calls of 12s. per Share on 428 Shares subscribed for . . . . .				256	16	0
						853 16 0
Expended on Capital Account for Year . . . . .						16,498 18 8
Transvaal Government Taxes— Net amount of 10 per cent. Tax on Profits for the year ending 31st July, 1905 . . . . .						8,383 2 11
Dividend Account—Interim Dividend No 2 of 10 per cent. declared 13th July, 1905 . . . . .						60,000 0 0
Balance Unappropriated, carried to Balance Sheet . . . . .						46,401 12 6
						£138,137 10 1
Cn. By Balance Unappropriated— As per Balance Sheet, 31st July, 1904 . . . . .				20,357	7	1
Balance of Supplementary Expenditure and Revenue Account— For the period from closing down of the Mine in October 1899 to re-commencement of Milling on 5th March, 1902 . . . . .						1,443 16 9
Balance of Working Expenditure and Revenue Account— For the year ending 31st July, 1905 . . . . .						101,336 6 3
						£138,137 10 1

H. A. READ, Secretary.

L. REYERSBACH, Chairman.  
F. D. P. CHAPLIN, Director.

HOWARD PIM,

Chartered Accountant,  
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Johannesburg, 18th September, 1905.

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